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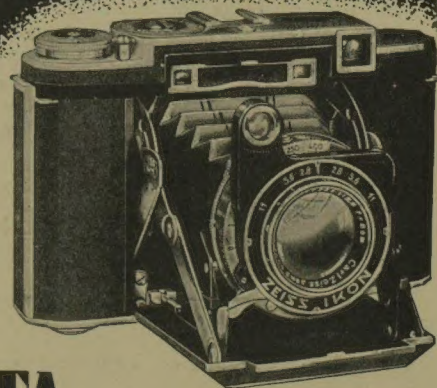
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SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1936.



"WE RAISE THIS MEMORIAL TO CANADIAN WARRIORS": THE KING ADDRESSING THE MULTITUDE OF PILGRIMS AT VIMY RIDGE BEFORE UNVEILING THE FLAG-DRAPED FIGURE, SYMBOLIC OF CANADA, VISIBLE BESIDE HIM.

Before a vast assemblage including some 8000 Canadian pilgrims, of whom about 6000 had come across the Atlantic, the King unveiled, on July 26, the great Canadian National War Memorial on Vimy Ridge. Among those present were the French President, four Ministers of the Dominion Cabinet, and many other high officials of the British, Canadian, and French Governments. The Memorial, which is far the largest of any in France or Belgium, commemorates Canada's

60,000 dead in the war, and on its base are inscribed the names of some 11,000 who have no known graves. "We raise this Memorial," said the King, "to Canadian warriors. It is the inspired expression in stone, chiselled by a skilful Canadian hand, of Canada's salute to her fallen sons." The monument also honours the French soldiers who fought and died at Vimy before the Canadians captured the ridge at Easter, 1917. (See pages of other photographs in this issue.)



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

HISTORY, like a public celebrity at a centenary banquet, is constantly repeating itself. But I would add a corollary: scarcely ever does it repeat itself in the particular form the living expect. For the old familiar things which men suppose will recur do not recur at the time they are looked for: instead, the unexpected happens and is not the less unexpected because at some remote and forgotten time it has happened before. There is nothing new under the sun, but there is also nothing that does not seem new. It is easy to find instances of this in the modern world; every day the newspapers are full of them. Thus at the present time many sage old gentlemen are prophesying the second coming of the last war, and are urging us, in order that we may be ready for it, to take up the familiar alignment which preceded it a generation ago. To the philosopher—that abstract and fabulous being—it must seem curious, to say the least of it, that in pursuit of this proposition, men of the most extreme Conservative views are openly advocating a military alliance with the revolutionary state whose professed aim it is to destroy both them and the society by which they live. Hallucination, as it were, makes strange bed-fellows. So strong is the comforting and grateful recollection of that Eastern steam-roller which in 1914 was to crush the Central Powers beneath its irresistible advance, that the changes which time has brought about are forgotten. The pressing necessity of defeating the enemy of 1914 still overrides all other considerations: that, in the condition of the world to-day, civilisation itself might collapse as the inevitable result of this violent operation does not matter, for it is not the condition of the world to-day that is under consideration. Such backward-gazing prophets never pause to ask whether the enemy is still the same. Intent on the past, Herr Hitler's moustache appears to them to take the same romantic and familiar upward curve as Kaiser William's. This, they argue, is the self-same face that sank a thousand ships and burnt the topmost towers of Ilium. An old fear is even harder to discard than an old love.

It is among the most touching frailties of our human nature that we are for ever recognising the familiar shades of the past in the harsh and unwonted contours of the present. History is full of instances of this tendency. There is nothing new in our English habit of planning for the last war. Thus, as some wit has pointed out, in 1914 our Army, after twelve years of feverish reorganisation, was magnificently prepared for that open warfare which the geography of the Veldt imposes. In 1899, on the other hand, though singularly ill-equipped for a campaign against the Boers, it was ready to the last button of the last tunic for the war in the Crimea. And in 1854 the British forces went out against the Russia of Nicholas I. with all the experience begotten of close on forty years'

study of how to hold the ridge of Mont St. Jean. Nor would it have been reasonable to have expected anything else. Neither inside nor outside the War Office are many men endowed with the gift of foreseeing the future. All most can do is to remember.

The ancient error is as inescapable as the curse of Adam. A few weeks ago, that fine and independent spirit, Mr. Austin Hopkinson, raised an interesting point in the House of Commons. The Thucydides of the last war, gazing prophetically into the mirror of the past, had been describing, as only he knows how, the course it was going to take when it broke out in the near future, and an important and valuable debate followed about the duty of arming the civilian population. In the midst of it, Mr. Hopkinson intervened with the surprising suggestion that the next war might not be fought by national armies at all,

Power had been the chief Continental menace of a quarter of a century ago, it was necessarily so to-day. The sanctity of past events was preferred to the vulgar intrusion of present realities. In forming his judgment, the historian tacitly ignored the fact that the population of our former challenger for world dominion is now almost stationary, if not declining, while that of the Eastern Power, with whom he asked us to align ourselves in the name of the balance of power and the defence of the weak, is increasing at a rate which cannot fail to alter the future situation.

In this human propensity to read the present through the past, men are for ever setting their course by lights which have vanished over the horizon. Nor from this tendency is any man free—the present writer least of all, for he also is an historian. Even the greatest are not immune from it: Mr. de Valera,

if we are to believe his recorded utterances, supposes the modern Englishman—that meek, mild little man of Strube's cartoons—to be a kind of Elizabethan bully, always ready to harry poor Irish peasants to their ruin, while Herr Hitler apparently sees his countrymen as the self-same simple, flaxen-haired Teutons whom Cæsar described two thousand years ago. And the most advanced of Communists are as bad as anybody in this respect: for them Karl Marx is for ever riding to the British Museum in a straw-floored horse-omnibus amid the economic phenomena of the mid-nineteenth century industrial state. All this is very natural, and even endearing: it emphasises the essential humanity of mankind's leaders. For all their knowledge and their great cares and pains for our well-being and guid-

ance, they are just like us, and the blind, in God's infinite patience, continue to lead the blind, as they have done since the world began. Like the old person of Shoreham whose habits were marked by decorum, they buy an umbrella and sit in the cellar, and the fact that it has long ago stopped raining no more occurs to them than it occurs to us as we follow their example.

The consideration of these things makes me suppose that the international situation is not so bad as the more lachrymose of our publicists would have us suppose. We are not really drifting to an inevitable repetition of 1914 any more than we were to a repetition of 1793 in the anti-Gallic alarms of 1852. Napoleon III. might give himself warlike airs, but he was not Napoleon I., and mid-nineteenth century France, for all its rattling of sabres, was not the eternal enemy of England and Europe. The times had changed. So they had in the sixteen-fifties when Cromwell, gazing back on the days of Elizabeth, saw what was really a decrepit Spain still striding the world like a Colossus. Like Charles II. after him, he failed to see that the rising power of France was the real menace. Like us, he looked backwards.



BRIGADIER W. T. BROOKS, ACTING GOVERNOR OF GIBRALTAR (IN SIR CHARLES HARINGTON'S ABSENCE), WHO PROTESTED TO SPANISH NAVAL AUTHORITIES WHEN SHELLS FROM WARSHIPS, FIRED AT REBEL AIRCRAFT, FELL ON THE ROCK.



GENERAL SIR CHARLES HARINGTON, THE GOVERNOR AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF GIBRALTAR, WHO WAS ON LEAVE IN ENGLAND WHEN THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR BEGAN, AND RETURNED A WEEK EARLIER THAN HE HAD INTENDED.

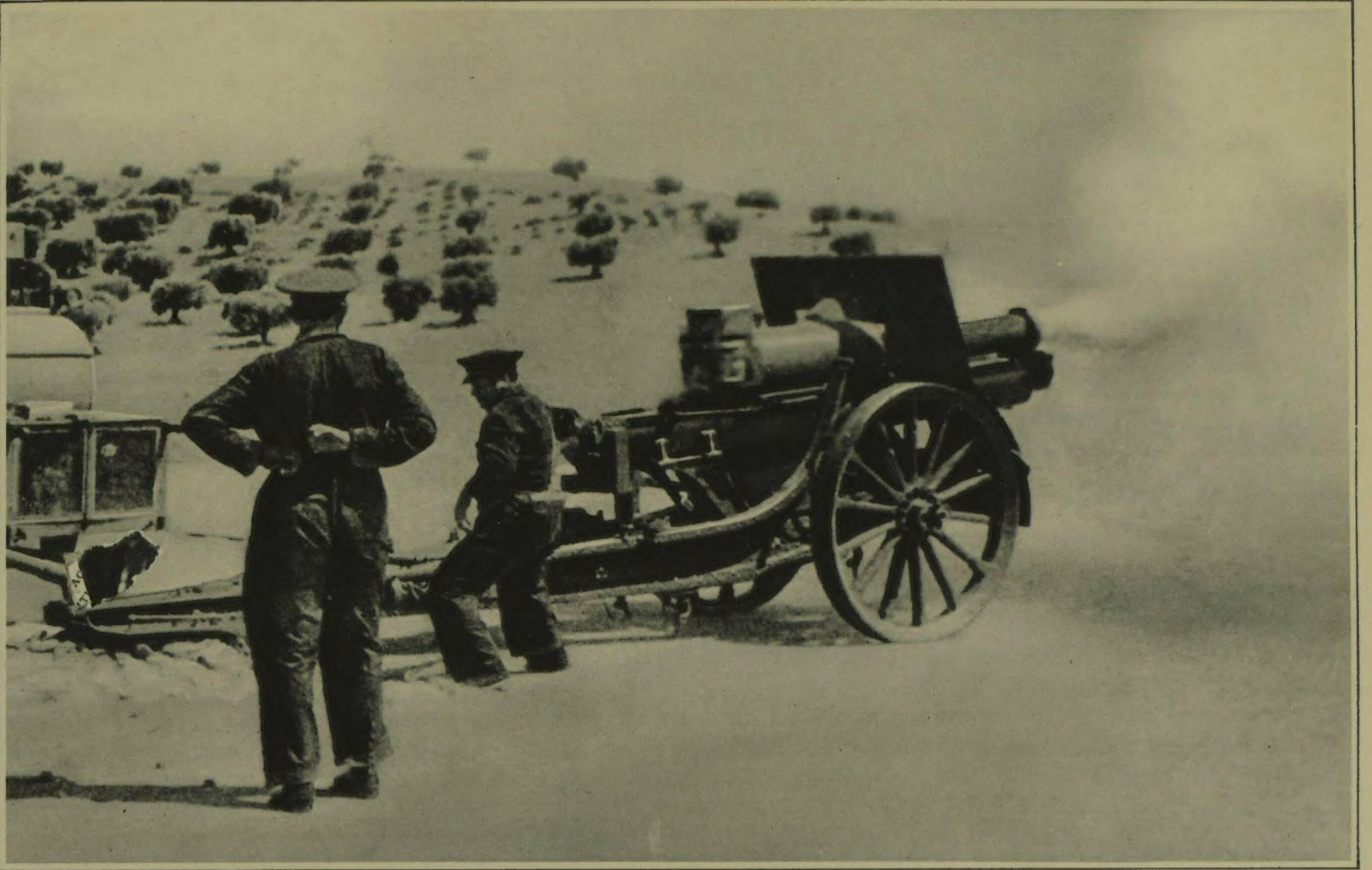
THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR AND GIBRALTAR: PORTRAITS OF THE GOVERNOR AND ACTING GOVERNOR IN CHARGE OF BRITISH INTERESTS THERE.

General Sir Charles Harington, the Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Gibraltar, was on leave in England when the civil war in Spain began, but sailed for Gibraltar on July 24, a week earlier than he had intended. During his absence Brigadier W. T. Brooks, who was in charge as Acting Governor, personally directed the supervision of the British side of the frontier, and on July 22 addressed a strong protest to the commander of Spanish warships which, from their anchorage in the north of Gibraltar Bay, fired at rebel aeroplanes flying near the fortress. Some unexploded shells from the ships had fallen near the foreshore of Sandy Bay, Gibraltar, where many officers and residents have bathing-huts, while fragments of shell dropped within the fortress itself and at the British frontier lines.

but by highly-professional technicians whose mastery of the complicated instruments of science would give them the same kind of monopoly in battle that was once enjoyed by the armoured knights of the Middle Ages. This imaginative sally was greeted by howls of laughter as an excellent joke, as no doubt it was, though, even by virtue of experience, Mr. Hopkinson, as one of the very few members who can have fought in the ranks both in the Boer War and the Great War, was at least as well entitled to his views as anyone else in the House.

No set of men is more prone to such mistakes than the historians, whose professional preoccupation with the past makes them particularly vulnerable to the deluding whispers of memory. Only the other day one of our young historical scholars, writing from the traditional home of lost causes, made a powerful plea in the columns of *The Times* for Britain's throwing her full weight, even at the price of war, into the scales against a particular Power on the ground that she has always ranged herself against the potentially strongest Power in Europe. It apparently never occurred to him to ask whether, because that

CIVIL WAR IN SPAIN: TOLEDO REBELS BEATEN BY THE GOVERNMENT.



FIELD ARTILLERY IN ACTION AGAINST REBEL FORCES NEAR TOLEDO: AN ENGAGEMENT WHICH HELPED TO TIGHTEN THE GOVERNMENT'S CONTROL OVER THE GREATER PART OF CENTRAL SPAIN; THE INSURGENTS, CONSISTING MOSTLY OF MILITARY CADETS, BEING DEFEATED AND FORCED TO RETREAT.



THE ALCAZAR AT TOLEDO IN FLAMES AS A RESULT OF ARTILLERY FIRE AND AERIAL BOMBARDMENT: A BUILDING USED SINCE 1882 AS A MILITARY ACADEMY—THE CADETS HAVING DECLARED FOR THE INSURGENTS AND SUFFERED DEFEAT AT THE HANDS OF GOVERNMENT FORCES.

In Toledo, as in all the other important provincial cities of Spain, a rebel rising took place when the signal for the insurrection was given in Spanish Morocco on July 18. But in Toledo the rebel success was short-lived. When a Government column commanded by General Riquelme advanced on the town, the cadets at the Military Academy, which is housed in the Alcazar, on the hill-top, offered resistance for some time. A number of Toledo Fascists and their families also

took refuge there. Aviators were sent up at once to bomb the fortress, and it was soon in flames. Reports of July 23 confirmed that the rebels were defeated and on the retreat, after an attack by artillery and tanks at dawn. It is worth mentioning that serious damage in Toledo appeared, at the time of writing, to be confined to the Alcazar—a building not of great architectural interest. The famous El Greco paintings and other artistic treasures are kept elsewhere.

CIVIL WAR IN SPAIN: THE SUPPRESSION OF THE REBEL RISING



GOVERNMENT FORCES DEFENDING MADRID AGAINST THE REBEL ADVANCE: ARTILLERY WAITING IN THE HILLS SOME FIFTEEN MILES FROM THE CAPITAL, BEFORE A BATTLE IN THE SOMOSIERRA PASS WENT AGAINST THE INSURGENTS.



STREET FIGHTING IN MADRID, WHERE SEVERAL REBEL RUNNERS WERE FORCED TO SURRENDER BY LOYAL TROOPS AND WORKERS: MEN RUNNING FROM A MACHINE-GUN POSITION.



LOYAL CIVILIANS, INCLUDING WOMEN, FIRING FROM THE CREW OF AN ARMoured CAR IN THE MADRID FIGHTING: A VIVID PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN WHEN THE REBEL SOLDIERS MADE THEIR UNSUCCESSFUL SORTIE.



DEAD HORSES, KILLED IN THE STREET FIGHTING, USED AS BARRICADES IN MADRID: REBEL TROOPS FIRING FROM BEHIND THEIR BODIES AT GOVERNMENT SUPPORTERS—A LAST STAND BEFORE THEY WERE OVERCOME BY THE LOYALISTS.



MEN ARMED BY THE GOVERNMENT LEAVING THE CAPITAL IN CARS AND LORRIES TO MEET THE REBELS MARCHING ON MADRID: A SORTIE WHICH, TEMPORARILY AT LEAST, MADE THE CITY SECURE FROM GENERAL MOLA'S THREAT.



TYPICAL OF THE YOUNG MEN WHO SUPPORTED THE GOVERNMENT FORCES IN THEIR STRUGGLE AGAINST INSURGENT TROOPS IN MADRID: A GROUP OF LOYALISTS BEHIND A SANDBAG BARRICADE, GUARDING THE GENERAL POST OFFICE.

The rebellion which broke out in Spanish Morocco on July 18 and immediately plunged Spain into civil war had evidently been planned with extreme care. First came the revolt in Morocco, where the insurgents succeeded in occupying the principal towns of the Protectorate. Contingents were smuggled across the Straits to Spain by sea and air. Simultaneous insurrections throughout the country were calculated to draw a circle of violence round Madrid and intimidate the Republican Government. Then there was to be a rising in Madrid, the rebels hoping to seize power and, presumably, to set up a

military dictatorship which would stamp out Socialism in Spain. Of the provincial insurrections not all were successful, that in Barcelona in particular being suppressed after two days of bitter fighting. In Madrid the rebels also failed. The civilian population, hastily armed by the Government, came to the support of the troops that remained loyal; and on July 20 La Montaña barracks—a large building on the edge of the hillside above the River Manzanares—which was to have been the rallying-point for the rising, was shelled into submission. A number, estimated at a thousand were killed or

IN MADRID, AND THE CAPTURE OF LA MONTAÑA BARRACKS.



THE CAPTURE OF THE CHIEF REBEL STRONGHOLD IN MADRID: THE SURROUNDING DEBRIS BEARING WITNESS TO THE INTENSITY OF THE FIRING: LOYALISTS BEATING DOWN THE DOOR OF LA MONTAÑA BARRACKS, WHICH, IN THE REBELS' PLANS, WAS TO HAVE FURNISHED THE SPEARHEAD FOR A FINAL THRUST AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT.



CIVILIAN VOLUNTEERS, INCLUDING AT LEAST ONE WOMAN, RUSHING INTO LA MONTAÑA BARRACKS AFTER IT HAD BEEN SHELLED INTO SUBMISSION: THE END OF THE REBELS' HOPE OF SUPPLEMENTING THE REBELLION IN THE PROVINCES WITH A SUCCESSFUL RISING IN MADRID.

wounded before the fighting ceased in Madrid. The rebel officers were deserted by many of the rank and file, which at heart remained loyal to the Republic. After their success the Government had immediately to organise the defence of the capital against a rebel army advancing south from Burgos under General Mola. A battle was fought on July 24 in the pass at Somosierra (about fifty miles north of Madrid), and, though both sides claimed the victory, it seemed that the threat to the capital was thereby diminished. Later the Government captured Albacete from the rebels—an important

success which ensured that Madrid would not be starved into surrender, since Albacete commands the communications with the towns of the Mediterranean littoral, Murcia, Alicante, Cartagena, and Valencia. At the time of writing much of the south of Spain, as well as Spanish Morocco, remained in rebel hands, and General Mola's forces were still in strength at Burgos and Pamplona in the north. But the situation generally appeared to be growing more favourable to the Government, which was reported to be preparing an offensive in north and south under the Minister of War.

CIVIL WAR IN SPAIN: ARSON IN BARCELONA AND STREET FIGHTING BETWEEN THE REPUBLICANS AND THE REBELS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU, FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY MR. G. H. ELVIN, LEADER OF THE BRITISH TEAM FOR THE PEOPLE'S OLYMPIAD AT BARCELONA, AND OTHER EYE-WITNESSES.



TERROR IN BARCELONA: (1) GOVERNMENT SUPPORTERS, AFTER FIRING A CHURCH WHICH HAD BEEN SEIZED BY REBELS AND USED BY THEM FOR SNIPING FROM THE BELFRY, TAKING THEIR ENEMIES PRISONER, (2) VOLUNTEERS MARCHING PAST WRECKED BUILDINGS OF AN ITALIAN SHIPPING FIRM USED BY REBELS, AND (3) REBELS FIRING FROM A CHURCH ROOF.

These vivid drawings of the fighting in Barcelona (which is illustrated by photographs on other pages) were done by Bryan de Grineau from material supplied by Mr. G. H. Elvin and other eye-witnesses who have now returned to England. They show three scenes which were watched by British observers. In the central drawing (1) is shown the surrender of rebels who

had no choice but to submit when the workers set fire to the church they were using as a sniping base. Articles from the sacked church are seen being burned in the foreground, and women are taking part with the men in the affray. In the outbreak of incendiary which accompanied the triumph of the Communists, almost all Barcelona's sixty or so churches, except the

cathedral, were either damaged or destroyed by fire. In No. 2 is seen a party of armed volunteer workers marching to the station to entrain for the fighting against Saragossa, which was held by the rebels. They are jeering as they pass the wrecked and burned building of an Italian shipping firm where rebels had been holding out. One man is putting up a placard inscribed: "These

premises belonged to people who betrayed us. Think ye—lest you betray us!" Several other Italian and German buildings in Barcelona were also wrecked. A typical street-fighting scene is shown in No. 3. Rebel snipers are firing from the roof of a church at a barricade thrown across the street opposite, whence the fire is being returned. An armed motor-car is also firing.

CIVIL WAR IN SPAIN: FIERCE FIGHTING IN THE STREETS OF BARCELONA.



A RED CROSS AMBULANCE PASSING THROUGH THE BARCELONA STREETS, WHICH ARE LITTERED WITH DÉBRIS: HEROIC RESCUE WORK UNDERTAKEN DURING THE TWO-DAY BATTLE BETWEEN GOVERNMENT SUPPORTERS AND REBEL TROOPS.



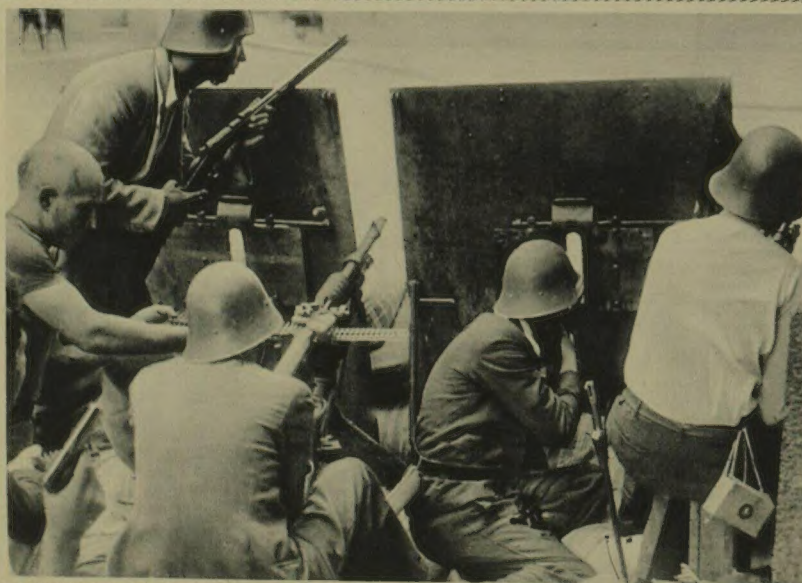
YOUNG COMMUNISTS CROUCHING BEHIND A BARRICADE OF STONES IN THEIR BITTER STREET FIGHTING AGAINST REBEL TROOPS IN BARCELONA: A PHASE OF A PROLONGED STRUGGLE WHICH ENDED IN THE LOYALISTS' VICTORY.



RED CROSS WORKERS—WITH RED CROSSES ON TOP OF THEIR CAPS—IN ACTION: STRETCHER-BEARERS REMOVING A VICTIM OF THE STREET FIGHTING; ONE OF MANY HUNDREDS IN BARCELONA ALONE.



DISARMED REBELS GUARDED BY ARMED LOYAL TROOPS OUTSIDE THE HOTEL COLON IN BARCELONA: THE END OF A LONG BATTLE IN WHICH REBEL TROOPS, BARRICADED IN THE HOTEL, WERE FINALLY WORSTED.



GOVERNMENT SUPPORTERS, WEARING STEEL HELMETS AND ORDINARY WORKING CLOTHES, FIRING RIFLES AND MACHINE-GUNS FROM BEHIND SHIELDS: A SANGUINARY COMBAT WHICH LASTED THROUGHOUT JULY 19 AND 20.

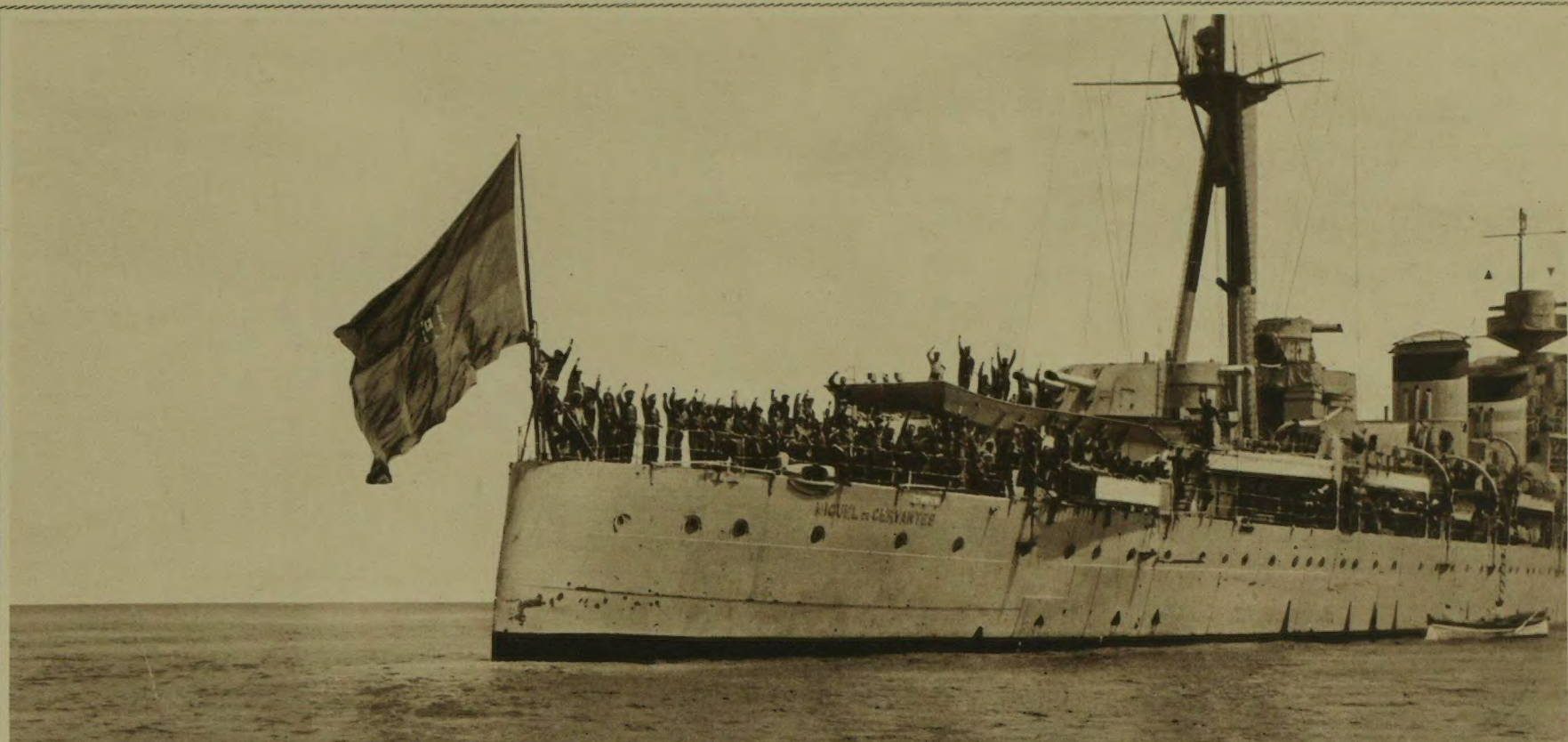


BURNED CARS AND A WRECKED CAFÉ IN THE PLAÇA DE CATALUNYA, BARCELONA, AFTER THE BATTLE: A CITY WHICH SUFFERED IMMENSE DAMAGE IN THE FIGHTING, MANY OF ITS CHURCHES AND OTHER BUILDINGS BEING BURNED.

On July 19 and 20 Barcelona saw some of the severest fighting of the Spanish Civil War. Refugees taken away later by British and other warships spoke of some 500 people killed in its streets. General Godea arrived secretly from Majorca to lead the rebel movement when the insurrection broke out, and installed himself in the military headquarters, which was bombarded by the republicans. In the evening of July 19 he surrendered, afterwards making a wireless statement in which he advised his associates to lay down their arms and avoid more bloodshed. This advice went unheeded. There was a lull that night; but on July 20 the

fighting was resumed, and by the end of the day the rebel forces were defeated and an armed proletariat was in possession of Barcelona. Revolutionary committees composed of Anarchists and Communists were at once set up to superintend the work of factories; while the Catalan Government issued a decree declaring their intention to intervene in all banking in the region and appointing a banking commission. During the fighting and incendiarism foreign individuals and foreign interests were, with some exceptions, respected; but after the victory of the republican supporters much damage was done to British property in Barcelona.

CIVIL WAR IN SPAIN: THE FLEET AND ITS ACTION AGAINST THE REBELS.



ONE OF THE SPANISH WARSHIPS WHICH FOUGHT ON THE GOVERNMENT SIDE AND BOMBARDED THE REBELS IN SPANISH MOROCCO: THE CREW OF THE CRUISER "MIGUEL DE CERVANTES" GIVING THE SOCIALIST CLENCHED-FIST SALUTE AFTER PUTTING THEIR OFFICERS, WHO SYMPATHISED WITH THE INSURGENTS, UNDER ARREST.



THE CRUISERS "MIGUEL DE CERVANTES" (LEFT) AND "LIBERTAD," WHICH BOMBARDED CEUTA; SHOWING (RIGHT) THE P. AND O. LINER "CHITRAL," WHICH WAS BOMBED IN THE STRAITS BY REBEL AIRCRAFT, WITHOUT DAMAGE.



THE SPANISH BATTLESHIP "JAIME I.," REPORTED TO HAVE BEEN DAMAGED BY GUNFIRE FROM THE SHORE BATTERIES WHEN BOMBARDING THE REBELS IN CEUTA: THE SHIP IN THE HANDS OF HER CREW, WHO KILLED THE OFFICERS.



SPANISH WARSHIPS IN TANGIER BAY, ALL IN THE HANDS OF THEIR CREWS: CRUISERS AND SMALL WARSHIPS WHICH LATER FIRED FROM THEIR ANCHORAGE IN GIBRALTAR BAY AT REBEL AEROPLANES FLYING OVER THE ROCK—AFTERWARDS RECEIVING A STRONG PROTEST FROM THE ACTING GOVERNOR.

Spanish warships, notably the battleship "Jaime I." and the cruisers "Miguel de Cervantes" and "Libertad," played a notable part in the first few days of the Civil War. The officers, whose sympathies were for the most part with the insurgents, were killed or put under arrest by the crews, who bombarded the rebels in Ceuta and Melilla, coastal strongholds of Spanish Morocco. On July 25 the fleet attacked Ceuta in formation, firing about 500 shells into the town. The shore

batteries returned the fire vigorously, hitting the "Jaime I." and badly damaging her bows. One British onlooker who saw part of this engagement thought that the ships got the worst of it. On July 22 the ships fired from their anchorage in the north of Gibraltar Bay at rebel aircraft flying near the fortress. Fragments of shells fell on Gibraltar, and Brigadier Brooks, the Acting Governor and Commander-in-Chief, addressed a strong protest to the Spanish naval commander.

CIVIL WAR IN SPAIN: GIBRALTAR AS A HAVEN OF REFUGE.



A CAMP FOR SPANISH REFUGEES FROM LA LINEA SET UP IN GIBRALTAR: SOME OF THE MILITARY TENTS USED TO SHELTER ABOUT 5000 PEOPLE WHO MADE THEIR WAY ACROSS THE FRONTIER WHEN CIVIL WAR BEGAN.



MOROCCAN SENTINELS ON GUARD AT LA LINEA, BENEATH THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR: INSURGENT TROOPS WHO, AFTER HEAVY FIGHTING AGAINST THE CIVIL POPULATION, WERE TRANSFERRED TO ALGECIRAS, WHERE THE REBELS WERE IN CONTROL.



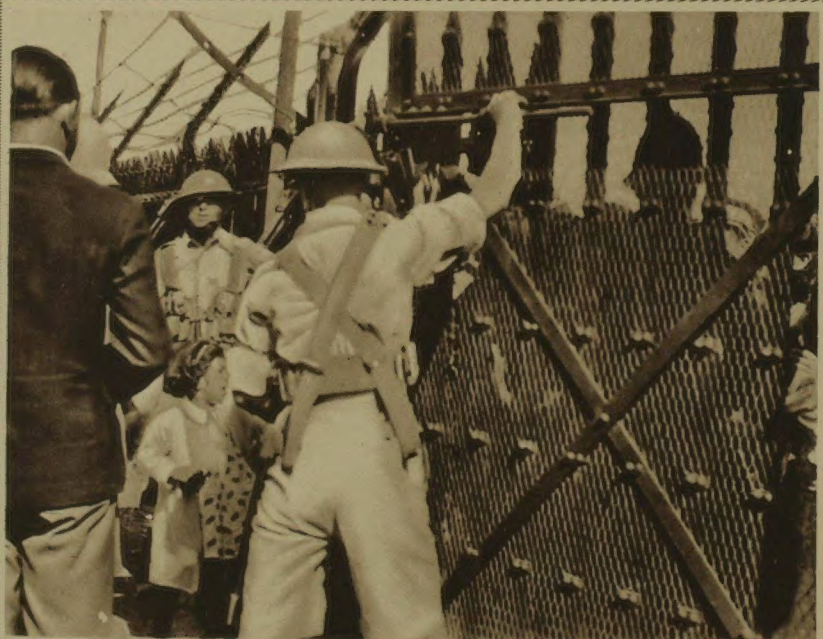
THE GUARDED FRONTIER BETWEEN GIBRALTAR AND LA LINEA: BRITISH TROOPS AND FIRE BRIGADE MEN PREPARED TO RESIST ANY RUSH OF REFUGEES FROM SPANISH TERRITORY WHEN THE FORTRESS COULD TAKE NO MORE.



ATTEMPTING TO GAIN ACCESS TO GIBRALTAR: THE FRONTIER GUARDED SO THAT A LIMIT MIGHT BE SET TO THE NUMBER OF SPANISH REFUGEES, SINCE THE FORTRESS BECAME SO OVERCROWDED THAT THERE WAS A RISK OF EPIDEMICS.



AN ADDITIONAL BARBED-WIRE FENCE ERECTED AT THE BRITISH FRONTIER AT GIBRALTAR AND A STRONGLY REINFORCED GUARD: CROWDS PRESSING AGAINST THE RAILINGS IN THE HOPE OF BEING ADMITTED TO A PLACE OF SECURITY WITHIN.



A LITTLE GIRL BEING ADMITTED—WHILE THE FRONTIER GATES ARE PRESSED BACK TO KEEP OUT A CROWD OF OTHER SPANISH REFUGEES: AN EPISODE IN THE MAINTENANCE OF CONTROL AT GIBRALTAR.

Gibraltar remained a stronghold of security while the Spanish Civil War raged around it by sea, on land, and in the air. On July 18 and 19 about 1700 insurgent Moroccan native troops came across from Africa to La Linea, on the isthmus just north of the Rock, and there took part in a miniature battle against loyal Spanish troops and the civilian population. There were many casualties and the insurgents temporarily gained control. Afterwards the Moroccans were transferred to Algeciras, which was also in the rebels' hands, and occupied the district round Gibraltar Bay. British residents of La Linea poured into Gibraltar, which soon became crowded with British and Spanish refugees, many sleeping in parks and open spaces for lack of accommodation. A local shipping firm placed a large shed on the water-front at the disposal of women and children. On July 21 all the remaining rebel officers

at La Linea came into Gibraltar. There were then some 5000 refugees there, many of them encamped in military tents on the North Front, and some living in garages or in cars parked in the streets. The congestion was increased by hundreds of British subjects rescued by British warships from various coast towns of Spain. On July 25 the Gibraltar Government ordered most of the Spanish refugees to return home. The order was made on the advice of medical authorities, as the fortress and town were so overcrowded that there was risk of an epidemic. This order did not apply to Spaniards formerly resident at La Linea, where incendiarism had broken out and where there were no doctors to attend to the wounded. H.M.S. "Repulse" arrived from Alexandria on July 25 and disembarked the 2nd Battalion, the Gordon Highlanders, who immediately took up garrison duty and joined in the frontier work.

THE VIMY RIDGE UNVEILING: AERIAL TRIBUTE; THE KING'S AUDIENCE.



THE ROYAL AIR FORCE RENDERS HOMAGE TO THE MEMORY OF CANADA'S DEAD: AEROPLANES FLYING PAST THE CANADIAN WAR MEMORIAL ON VIMY RIDGE SHORTLY BEFORE THE FLAG-DRAPED FIGURE OF CANADA (SEEN BELOW THEM) WAS UNVEILED BY THE KING.



PART OF THE GREAT AUDIENCE LISTENING TO THE KING (SEEN ON THE EXTREME LEFT AT THE TOP, BESIDE THE VEILED STATUE) AS HE DELIVERED HIS MOVING SPEECH: A VIEW SHOWING A LINE OF LEGIONARIES, WITH THEIR BANNERS, IN FRONT OF THE CROWD.

Soon after his arrival at Vimy Ridge to unveil the Canadian War Memorial, on July 26, the King spent some time moving among the assembled pilgrims, and spoke sympathetically to many of the widows and mothers present. He then returned to greet President Lebrun, and they walked together to the platform overlooking the veiled figure symbolic of Canada. "As they came to the base of the Memorial," writes Sir Percival Phillips in the "Daily Telegraph," "the

air directly overhead was suddenly thick with aeroplanes. Two squadrons of the R.A.F. darted out of the grey sky and passed at tremendous speed to the left of the pylons." The British machines were followed by eighteen aeroplanes of the French Air Force, likewise come to salute the memory of the Canadian dead. The vast assemblage which his Majesty addressed, before unveiling the statue of Canada, is shown in a large photograph on the two succeeding pages.

THE UNVEILING OF "THIS GLORIOUS MONUMENT, CROWNING THE HILL OF VIMY": THE KING'S HISTORIC CEREMONIAL ACT.



THE CORDIAL MEETING BETWEEN THE KING AND THE PRESIDENT OF FRANCE ON VIMY RIDGE BESIDE THE CANADIAN WAR MEMORIAL: HIS MAJESTY SHAKING HANDS WITH M. LEBRUN, WHO MADE A REMARKABLE SPEECH AFTER THE UNVEILING—(ON THE RIGHT) PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT.

AFTER THE KING HAD UNVEILED THE SYMBOLIC FIGURE OF CANADA, MULTITUDE AROUND THE CANADIAN WAR MEMORIAL ON VIMY RIDGE, CANADA AND FRANCE, THE UNVEILED STATUE ITSELF, AND (TO LEFT OF IT)



THE KING (AT THE HEAD OF THE GROUP SEEN ON THE LEFT) INSPECTING WEARING KHAKI DÉSHABÉS: THE FIRST PART OF THE CEREMONY

MOURNING HER FALLEN SONS: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE VAST SHOWING THE WHOLE MONUMENT, WITH ITS TWO PYLONS REPRESENTING THE TRIBUNE IN WHICH HIS MAJESTY STOOD TO MAKE HIS SPEECH.



ONE OF THE GUARDS OF HONOUR, COMPOSED OF CANADIAN VETERANS IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE ARRIVAL OF HIS MAJESTY AT VIMY.



"WHEN HE READ THE WORDS, 'I UNVEIL THIS MONUMENT TO CANADA'S DEAD,' THE KING STEPPED TO THE SIDE OF THE Dais AND PULLED THE CORD": THE ACTUAL MOMENT OF THE UNVEILING—THE RELEASED FLAGS FALLING FROM THE STATUE OF CANADA.

IN recognition of the presence of the French President, the King began his speech at the Vimy ceremony in French. Proceeding later in English, he said, recalling that the site of the Memorial is a gift in perpetuity from France: "This glorious monument, crowning the hill of Vimy, is now, and for all time, a part of Canada. Though the mortal remains of Canada's sons lie far from home, yet here where we now stand in ancient Artois their immortal memory

is hallowed, upon soil that is as surely Canada's as any acre within her nine provinces." The memorial is also a reminder that many French soldiers fell on the same battlefield. After the King had unveiled it, President Lebrun delivered an eloquent address. "To-day (he said) it is the King and Emperor of the great British Empire who is our guest and whom I have the honour and pleasure of welcoming for the first time on French territory."

PICTURESQUE MOMENTS AT VIMY: THE SPAHI SALUTE; DIPPING BANNERS.



SPAHIS SALUTING THE KING (ON THE EXTREME LEFT OF THE GROUP WALKING BETWEEN THE RANKS) IN CUSTOMARY STYLE, BY STANDING IN THEIR STIRRUPS WITH UPRaised SWORDS: A VIEW SHOWING ALSO BLUEJACKETS OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN NAVY (LEFT BACKGROUND) AND FRENCH TROOPS (LEFT FOREGROUND).



DIPPING THEIR BANNERS IN SALUTE WHEN THE KING INAUGURATED THE CANADIAN WAR MEMORIAL BY UNVEILING THE SYMBOLIC STATUE OF CANADA: MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH LEGION WHO, WITH FRENCH VETERANS ALSO BEARING BANNERS, WERE CONSPICUOUS IN THE FRONT RANK OF THE PILGRIMS.

In the upper photograph on this page is shown one of the preliminary incidents soon after the King's arrival at Vimy Ridge. He alighted from his car at the south-west side of the Memorial, facing towards the original Canadian lines. "Here," writes Sir Percival Phillips, "the first part of the ceremony took place. At the right of the road were Guards of Honour of Canadian pilgrims and the bluejackets from H.M.C.S. 'Saguenay.' Behind them were the Canadian pipers and the band of the Canadian Royal Horse Artillery. At the left was a squadron

of Spahis in their striking uniforms. . . . The outer cordon around the Memorial was kept by three battalions of the First Regiment, in their khaki greatcoats and service helmets." The King first inspected the Guards of Honour, and then descended into the arena, where he moved among the pilgrims. On his way he passed before the banners of the British Legion and of the French veterans, who were present in honour both of the Canadian dead and of large numbers of their own compatriots who had fallen in previous battles at Vimy.

VIMY BY DAY AND NIGHT: TRENCHES PRESERVED; THE FLOODLIGHTING.



FIGHTING THEIR BATTLES OVER AGAIN: PARTIES OF CANADIAN PILGRIMS AT VIMY RIDGE, FOR THE UNVEILING OF THEIR NATIONAL WAR MEMORIAL, EXPLORING PARTS OF THE OLD TRENCHES AND DUG-OUTS, PRESERVED WITH CONCRETE AS A MEMENTO OF THE FIGHTING—AN AIR VIEW.



THE CANADIAN WAR MEMORIAL ON VIMY RIDGE FLOODLIT AFTER DARK: AN IMPRESSIVE "MOONLIGHT" EFFECT OF A MONUMENT DESIGNED TO EXPRESS THE SPIRIT OF SACRIFICE RATHER THAN OF EXULTATION IN VICTORY—SHOWING THE STATUE OF CANADA THAT WAS UNVEILED BY THE KING.

Many Canadian ex-Service men who came to Vimy Ridge for the unveiling revisited the preserved sections of the war-time trench systems. As a "Times" writer puts it, they found "the bare white hillside up which they had stormed covered once more with the green of grass and young trees, except where some of the trenches have been given the permanence of concrete, and shell-craters have defied Nature to disguise them." At night the monument

was floodlit, producing the soft effect of moonlight. The Canadian sculptor and architect whose work it is, Mr. Walter Allward, has emphasised the fact that his symbolic statuary contains no element of hate and vindictiveness, but expresses rather the spirit of sacrifice. The same spirit was voiced in the message from the Canadian Premier, Mr. Mackenzie King, who said: "Canada asks that the nations of Europe strive to bring into being a world at peace."

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THAT quarter of the town described by Tennyson as "the dusty purlieus of the law" conceals beneath its dust a rich deposit of memories and romance. Though not a legal person myself, I have been associated with it a good deal in one way and another. Twice I have had a share of chambers in the Temple, including some close to Charles Lamb's birthplace in Crown Office Row, where at one time I wrote my articles for this page, while in the next room a famous novelist was typing out one of his books. On occasion, through a lawyer friend, I have seen something of the Courts at work, and have even enjoyed the sacred hospitality of Benchers. I am old enough to remember when the present Law Courts were, if not exactly new, comparatively a recent building, and I recollect asking a friend as we walked past them, some time in the 'nineties, what he thought of their architecture. He was a Scotsman, and his answer was non-committal; he believed it was the fashion to disparage them. I was inclined to follow the fashion, since, for all their bulk, the general effect did not seem adequately imposing.

For reasons above indicated, I have been deeply engrossed in two delightful books of legal autobiography, having between them several points of contact. Here I will take first the case of one who has been a Metropolitan Magistrate for nearly thirty years, and for half that time Chief Magistrate at Bow Street. The book now "in the dock"—so to speak—is "WITHOUT PREJUDICE." Impressions of Life and Law. By Sir Chartres Biron. With sixteen illustrations (Faber; 15s.). The author's recollections go ten years deeper than mine into the Victorian age, and he remembers, not without regret, the former

writes: "He was not merely a clerk, but a personal friend. . . . When I left the Bar, it was not one of my least regrets that I lost his kindly companionship. He was, too, a man of many interests, very well read apart from law; when he was married, I asked him where he was going for his honeymoon. 'To see the plains of Troy,' was his answer. He was very fond of yachting."

Mr. Ashley has combined his own recollections with everything he can tell about his late chief, comprising scores of anecdotes about him and fresh light from a new angle on several of the famous cases in which he was concerned either as advocate or judge. This book, too, is a regular portrait-gallery of legal luminaries, including most of the late Judge's contemporaries, from 1875 to 1935. Not all of the portraits are complimentary, for the author shows himself a critical observer. Thus of one deceased Judge he says: "I can well believe that in his family circle and amongst his friends he was highly popular and that he was a first-class raconteur, but in his judicial capacity he was brutal and ferocious." Referring to the transference of the Courts from Westminster to the Strand, the author says: "The ponderous building erected less than sixty years ago . . . is already too small, and will have to be enlarged."

Many men have found fame, or daily bread, in one occupation while nourishing ambitions in a different direction, for which, by tastes or attainments, they seemed better qualified. An example occurs in an interesting biography of a distinguished journalist, entitled "THE LOST HISTORIAN." A Memoir of Sir Sidney Low. By Major Desmond Chapman-Huston. With eight illustrations (Murray; 12s. 6d.). Sir Sidney Low, who was

Mme. Litvinoff in the days when she was Miss Ivy Low and a budding novelist, as the author of "Growing Pains." One allusion to her in the present book is put in such a way (on page 114) as might lead readers to suppose that her stepfather was her actual father.

The medical profession, like the Law, has been a seed-plot for genius which has borne flower and fruit elsewhere. Numerous instances through the ages are cited in an alluring little book called "TRUANTS." The Story of some who deserted Medicine, yet triumphed. Based on the Linacre Lecture delivered at Cambridge, 6 May, 1936. By Lord Moynihan, of Leeds, Past-President, Royal College of Surgeons of England (Cambridge University Press; 3s. 6d.). The author's list of "truants" ranges from Imhotep the Egyptian (a Pharaoh's Grand Vizier nearly 6000 years ago) to the author of "Hatter's Castle" (Dr. A. J. Cronin) and other living writers. It includes, among scientists, Copernicus, Galileo, and Huxley; among politicians, Marat, Clemenceau, Sun-Yat-Sen, and Dr. Jameson; among prose writers, Rabelais, Sir Thomas Browne, Smollett, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Conan Doyle; among poets, Schiller, Keats, and Robert Bridges; among explorers, Mungo Park and Livingstone; among actors, Sheridan Knowles and Sir Charles Wyndham; and in the realm of sport, "W.G." and E. M. Grace. From the author's incidental allusion to "this college (St. John's)," I gather that he gave his lecture within the hallowed walls "wherein of old I wore the gown." Among the "truants" is also one of my revered tutors, the late Sir Donald Macalister. Lord Moynihan modestly calls his work "a brief and imperfect record" of some truants from medicine. I



"ADDING YET ANOTHER TO THE NOBLE CATHEDRAL CHURCHES WHICH ARE THE GLORY OF ENGLAND": LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF GUILDFORD CATHEDRAL—A CEREMONY PERFORMED BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY (SEEN, WEARING MITRE, IN THE CENTRE OF THE DAIS ON THE RIGHT).

On July 22 the Archbishop of Canterbury laid the foundation-stone of "the Cathedral Church of the Holy Spirit in Guildford"—making known its name for the first time. In his address he said: "The young diocese of Guildford commits itself to the high and honourable enterprise of adding yet another to the noble cathedral churches which are the glory of England. . . . The site, so generously

given by Lord Onslow, is perhaps only rivalled among the sites of English cathedrals by the site of Lincoln or the incomparable site of Durham." The Archbishop's procession included twelve Bishops. In another procession were delegates of the Free Churches and the Salvation Army, with the Mayors of Surrey towns, and among those present was the architect, Mr. Edward Maufe.

headquarters of the Law. "The Central Criminal Court as a building," he observes incidentally, "was superior in every way to Mr. Street's Gothic palace in the Strand, which is probably the building most unsuited for its purpose ever erected by an architect."

Sir Chartres Biron's book is, like the world, "so full of a number of things," and I have been so absorbed in it, that I find a little difficulty in tearing myself away from its seductive pages in order to sum it up from a detached point of view. Its interest comprises not only the author's own experiences, first at Eton and Cambridge, then as an advocate, and afterwards as a magistrate, but also illuminating comments on changing social conditions, and accounts of famous trials, such as the Tichborne case, the Druce case, the Bravo mystery, the trial of Adolph Beck, and the fall of Horatio Bottomley, besides entertaining *personalities* concerning many distinguished lawyers. Nor is the interest entirely confined to legal matters, for the author has made many friends outside his own profession, while his holiday travels, including visits to America and his enthusiasm for yachting and yacht-racing, enlarge the scope of his memories. Thus, for instance, he gives an entertaining character-study of Sir Thomas Lipton, and recalls discussions of books and novelists with Arnold Bennett—also a keen yachtsman. Himself a writer of distinction, the author has to tell of several other literary friendships.

Early in his career, Sir Chartres Biron "devilled" for the late Sir Horace Avory (afterwards the senior Judge). This allusion brings me to another highly entertaining book of legal reminiscences—"MY SIXTY YEARS IN THE LAW." By F. W. Ashley. For fifty-four years Clerk to the late Mr. Justice Avory. With a Preface by the Lord Chief Justice of England. Illustrated (Lane; 15s.). I cannot better introduce this book than by another extract from Sir Chartres Biron, who, alluding to Mr. Ashley,

formerly editor of the *St. James's Gazette*, and was at one time in the running for the editorship of *The Times* and the *Morning Post*, was, his biographer declares, a born historian. Although he never had time to produce works such as he might have written with sufficient leisure and opportunity, yet he gave proof of his capacity in several noteworthy books, especially "The Governance of England" (which ran to fifteen editions), "The Political History of England" in Queen Victoria's reign, "Egypt in Transition," and "Italy in the War," besides numerous articles contributed to periodicals between 1891 and 1931.

There are moments, I suppose, when the most ardent journalist envies the freedom and tranquillity of the literary life as lived by the independent writer. "Low," we read, "always desired and hoped to escape from Fleet Street." His family responsibilities were such that he could never do so, but there were compensations, thus aptly expressed by the biographer: "Bread is indeed hard to earn in Fleet Street, but the journalist . . . is promptly and regularly paid, whereas the financial rewards of literature are scanty, belated, and irregular. One other factor may have helped to tie Low to journalism. Essentially a man of the study, there was in his make-up an element of inertia that required to be frequently stimulated into activity. It may therefore well be that the constant pressure and unending discipline of journalism was essential to the full maintenance of his productivity." And so say all of us!

One of Sir Sidney Low's brothers, the late Mr. Walter Low, was the father of Mme. Litvinoff, whose husband, of course, is now the Soviet Commissar for Foreign Affairs. The recent celebration of his sixtieth birthday in Russia lends a topical interest to several family allusions in the present volume. After Mr. Walter Low's death his widow married again, and these family references have also a personal interest for me, since at that time I was acquainted with her and her second husband and met the future

cannot think of any famous name omitted, unless we can thus classify the Evangelist St. Luke.

A kindred work of special interest, in view of the recent meeting of the British Medical Association at Oxford, is "A HUNDRED YEARS OF MEDICINE." By Wyndham E. B. Lloyd, M.R.C.S. (Duckworth; 15s.). In his presidential address at Oxford the other day, Sir E. Farquhar Buzzard spoke of "the unprecedented growth of scientific medicine during the last fifty years." The author of this book has evidently not found it so easy to draw an arbitrary dividing-line between the complete past century and preceding times. Centennial periods are convenient for celebrations, but they do not always correspond with those during which discoveries have been originated and developed. Strictly speaking, the Hundred Years' Series, to which Mr. Lloyd's book belongs, confines him to medical progress since 1836. Inevitably, however, he has been compelled "to pass beyond the goal of ordinance." He writes with vivacity, and has produced a very readable survey of medical progress from the eighteenth century onwards, touching slightly at the outset on the background of antiquity.

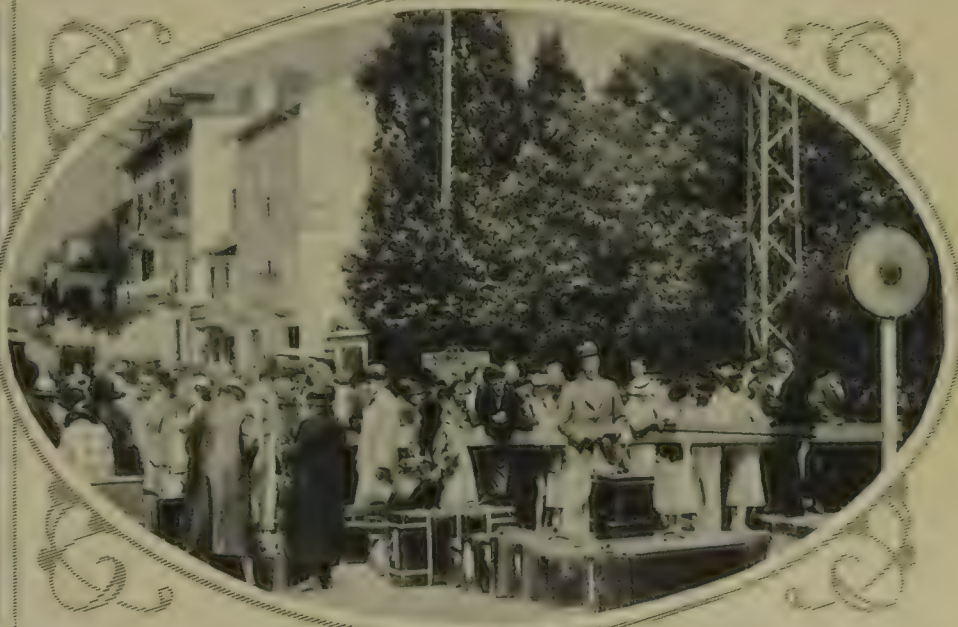
Interesting from the general reader's point of view, corresponding as it does with the patient's rather than the surgeon's, is the history of anaesthetics. Much credit belongs to two American dentists of the 1840's; but, we are reminded, James Young Simpson, of Edinburgh, "was the man who fought the great battle for anaesthesia against hostile critics." It seems inexplicable that although one anaesthetic—nitrous oxide (laughing-gas)—had been suggested by Sir Humphry Davy as early as 1799, it was not adopted for surgery till some fifty years later. Modern patients little realise what they owe to the medical pioneers, such as James Simpson and his friends, who made hazardous experiments on themselves for the benefit of suffering humanity. To-day the agonies of the old-time operating theatre are unthinkable.

C. E. B.

CIVIL WAR IN SPAIN: ARMED WOMEN FIGHTERS; AND FOREIGN REFUGEES.



BRITISH REFUGEES FROM VARIOUS PARTS OF SPAIN LANDING AT MARSEILLES FROM BRITISH WARSHIPS: RESCUE WORK CARRIED OUT BY THE FLOTILLA LEADER "DOUGLAS," THE DESTROYER "GALLANT," AND OTHER SHIPS.



BRITISH AND OTHER FOREIGN REFUGEES ESCAPING ACROSS THE FRENCH FRONTIER AT HENDAYE: A CROWD AT THE FRONTIER BARRIER — MOSTLY HOLIDAY-MAKERS FROM SAN SEBASTIAN AND NEIGHBOURING TOWNS.



A GIRL FIGHTING WITH THE GOVERNMENT FORCES IN BARCELONA: ONE OF THE MANY WHO TOOK UP ARMS AGAINST THE REBELS.



A GIRL, ARMED WITH A RIFLE, PATROLLING A STREET IN BARCELONA: ONE OF THOSE DESCRIBED AS "SHOOTING MORE OFTEN AND STRAIGHTER THAN THEIR MENFOLK."



"THE WOMEN KEPT CALLING ON THEIR MEN TO TAKE NO PRISONERS BUT TO SLAUGHTER ALL": A GIRL WITH THE LOYAL FORCES IN BARCELONA.



AMAZONS OF SPAIN MARCHING AGAINST THE REBELS IN MADRID: MEMBERS OF A VOLUNTEER WOMEN'S MILITIA SPECIALLY FORMED BECAUSE SO MANY GIRLS OFFERED THEMSELVES FOR SERVICE AGAINST THE INSURGENTS.



REFUGEES FLEEING FROM SAN SEBASTIAN, WHERE THERE WERE HUNDREDS OF CASUALTIES BEFORE THE TOWN FELL INTO GOVERNMENT HANDS: A FRENCH SAILOR TAKING CHARGE OF A BABY ON ARRIVAL AT ST. JEAN DE LUZ.

British, French, German, and American warships co-operated in taking refugees from the coastal cities and towns of Spain to places of security during the first week of the Civil War. Naturally the brunt of this invaluable rescue work fell on the British Mediterranean Fleet. Destroyers played a prominent part, landing hundreds of British and other foreigners at Marseilles or Gibraltar.—A notable feature of the fighting in Spain was the enthusiasm of many women to take up

arms against the rebel forces. An eye-witness at Barcelona said that women were fighting in the front line with the Workers' Militia, shooting more often and straighter than their menfolk and urging them to take no prisoners, but to slaughter all. There were many women among the casualties in that city. At Madrid girls fought in the ranks of the Marxist Militia, and so many offered themselves for service that the 5th Militia Regiment formed an Amazon battalion.

NEWS FROM FAR AND NEAR: PICTORIAL NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.



THE CRESCENT RETURNS TO THE DARDANELLES: TURKISH TROOPS MARCHING INTO A TOWN AFTER THE REMILITARIZATION OF THE STRAITS UNDER THE MONTREUX CONVENTION.



RECALLING SCENES OF THE WAR: TURKISH FORCES PASSING COASTAL BATTERIES ON THE DARDANELLES—PART OF THE REOCCUPATION MOVEMENT INVOLVING NEARLY 40,000 MEN.

July 21 was a day of great rejoicing in Turkey. When, just after midnight, news arrived that the new Straits Convention had been signed at Montreux, troops marched into the former demilitarized zones on the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus. At 3 a.m. columns led by massed bands and followed by cheering crowds began to enter the Chanakkale, and positions were occupied just as though an attack were momentarily expected. The scenes of military activity—transport of guns and troops across the Bosphorus, the rumble of artillery and mechanized units through coast villages, and the tramp of soldiers on the march—recalled events of the Great War. Some 30,000 to 40,000 men, it was estimated, took part in the movement. The whole Turkish fleet, led by the "Avuz" (formerly the "Goeben"), proceeded to the Dardanelles, and during the day the islands of Imbros and Tenedos were reoccupied.



THE FIRST LAUNCHING CEREMONY PERFORMED BY THE DUCHESS OF KENT: THE NEW 9000-TON CRUISER, H.M.S. "SHEFFIELD," AFLOAT ON THE TYNE.

On July 23 the Duchess of Kent performed her first launching ceremony at the naval yard of Vickers-Armstrongs, Walker-on-Tyne, where she launched the new cruiser "Sheffield," one of the 9000-ton "Southampton" Class. The Duchess was given an enthusiastic welcome as she drove to the shipyard from Newcastle, and at a reception held after the launch she was presented with a piece of Old English silver as a souvenir of the occasion.



QUEEN MARY'S UNOFFICIAL VISIT TO CORAM'S FIELDS, RECENTLY OPENED BY THE DUCHESS OF YORK: HER MAJESTY AMID A HAPPY CROWD OF CHILDREN.

Queen Mary, accompanied by the young Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret of York, paid an unofficial visit on July 27 to Coram's Fields (the site of the old Foundling Hospital in Bloomsbury), and the children surged delightedly round her Majesty as she walked across the grounds. Coram's Fields and the Harmsworth Memorial Playground were opened on July 21 by the Duchess of York, who recalled that the Fields were "named after the children's friend of long ago—Thomas Coram."



IN TURBULENT PALESTINE: A BRITISH POLICE PATROL SEARCHING ARAB CAMEL-DRIVERS FOR FIRE-ARMS ON ONE OF THE WAR-TIME TURKISH ROADS.

On July 27 elaborate police and military precautions were taken throughout Palestine, in case the Arabs might celebrate the hundredth day of their strike by a special display of lawlessness. The continued need for precautions had been demonstrated on the previous day by an Arab attack on a convoy from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem. The escort, however, signalled for assistance by wireless. In response came aeroplanes and a detachment of the Dorsets. Most of the assailants were killed.



JAPAN'S ANTI-OPIMUM CAMPAIGN IN MANCHUKUO: PATIENTS AT A HOSPITAL FOR ADDICTS DOING PHYSICAL LABOUR UNDER THE EYE OF THREE JAPANESE PHYSICIANS.

A note supplied with this photograph states: "With true Japanese persistence and energy an anti-opium campaign is being carried out in Manchukuo, and a law has been made prohibiting the use and monopolising the production of opium. The photograph was taken at a hospital for the cure of opium-smokers, where, instead of gradually cutting down the quantity used by the patients, its use is abolished and they are subjected to a hard course of physical labour."

THE VIMY RIDGE PILGRIMS IN LONDON: CANADIANS AT WESTMINSTER HALL.



"IF THE DEAD COULD COME BACK TO-DAY THERE WOULD BE NO WAR": MR. BALDWIN (ON STEPS, CENTRE BACKGROUND) ADDRESSING 4000 OF THE CANADIAN PILGRIMS WHO HAD ATTENDED THE VIMY RIDGE MEMORIAL UNVEILING.

The first of the series of functions in London, attended on July 29 by Canadian pilgrims who had come to England after seeing their War Memorial unveiled by the King on Vimy Ridge, was an assembly in Westminster Hall, with an address by the Prime Minister. Mr. Baldwin can be seen speaking at a small table placed on the steps leading down into the Hall from St. Stephen's Porch. "I am confident of

this," he said; "if the dead could come back to-day there would be no war. They would never let the younger generation taste what they did. You all tasted that bitter cup of war. They drank it to the dregs. If Europe and the world can find no other way of settling disputes than war, even now when we are still finding and burying the bodies of those who fell twenty years ago, the world deserves to perish."

THE VIMY RIDGE PILGRIMS IN LONDON: CANADIANS AT THE CENOTAPH.



CANADIANS RENDER HOMAGE TO FALLEN COMRADES OF THE WAR AT THE CENOTAPH COMMEMORATING THE EMPIRE'S DEAD : AN IMPRESSIVE CEREMONY ATTENDED BY MANY THOUSAND PILGRIMS FROM VIMY RIDGE—A VIEW LOOKING NORTH ALONG WHITEHALL.

After the assembly in Westminster Hall (illustrated on page *a*) the Canadian pilgrims in London paraded, in three separate columns, and marched in procession to the Cenotaph in Whitehall. Besides their own standard-bearers, there were twenty-four representing the British Legion. The column of Canadian ex-Service men, in khaki bérêts, led by the band of the Welsh Guards, formed up on the east and west of the Cenotaph, while two columns of relatives, in blue bérêts, led

respectively by the band of the Canadian Royal Horse Artillery and the combined band of pipers from the Canadian Scottish, took up their positions to the north and south. A short service was conducted by the Bishop of London (seen in our photograph standing close to the north side of the Cenotaph), and a wreath was placed at the foot of it by Brigadier-General Alexander Ross, the President of the Canadian Legion. Then followed the sounding of Last Post.



"FLOWERS IN A VASE."—BY JAN VAN HUYSUM.

A BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE OF THE ART OF A FAMOUS DUTCH FLOWER-PAINTER WHO FLOURISHED IN THE FIRST HALF OF THE 18TH CENTURY.

The beautiful picture here reproduced is one of three flower-pieces by Jan van Huysum in the National Gallery. The catalogue says of it: "Pink and white hollyhocks, delphiniums, anemones, a poppy, daisies, French marigolds and pansies; a snail is crawling in front." The painting measures 24 in. by 20 in. Jan van Huysum was born at Amsterdam in 1682, and lived and worked there until his death in 1749. He received his early training from his father, Justus van Huysum (1659-1716). In Bryan's "Dictionary of Painters and Engravers" we read: "His

taste in the arrangement of his groups is superior to that of any other flower-painter; and his pictures are so perfectly finished that they seem to rival the velvet softness of nature. The fame of van Huysum rose to the highest pitch, and the first florists of Holland were ambitious of supplying him with their choicest flowers for the subjects of his pictures. He usually arranged them in elegant vases, of which the ornaments and bas-reliefs were finished in the most polished and beautiful manner."—[BY ARRANGEMENT WITH "APOLLO MAGAZINE."]



ON THE RIVIERA: NEAR NICE WHICH BECAME POPULAR THANKS TO SMOLLETT—WITH MONT BORON IN THE DISTANCE.

The Riviera has claims to be regarded as a paradise on earth. Its skies are blue and the habitual sunshine sparkles on a landscape of exceptional beauty. The sapphire waters of the Mediterranean lap curving beaches and the red rocks above the shore are adorned with groves of olive trees and umbrella pines. At one time British visitors were content to go to the South in winter only, but for over a decade we, as a nation, have realised that the summer delights of basking and sun-bathing equal the winter pleasures of the Côte d'Azur. This year the Riviera is even more than ever the hub of fashionable life, despite the King's last-minute decision to cancel the holiday he was to have spent there. On these pages we reproduce a landscape near Nice, some twenty miles from Cannes,

showing Mont Boron in the distance; a picture painted ten years ago. Nice has always been popular with the British, and it is interesting to recall that the doctor and novelist Tobias George Smollett visited it in 1763, and remained there for some eighteen months. This induced his compatriots to visit what was then a sleepy old town. Nice is now one of the most fashionable towns on the Riviera and is famous for its magnificent esplanade, called "La Promenade des Anglais," its Casinos, its hotels, and its gardens, but, in gratitude to Tobias George Smollett, it still calls one of its streets "Smolett," though it does not spell the name as he did. Another link with this country is provided by the statue of Queen Victoria which stands near the hotel where her Majesty stayed when visiting Nice.

FROM THE PICTURE BY G. HILLYARD SWINSTEAD, R.I.



THE VIMY RIDGE PILGRIMS IN LONDON—H.Q. IN ST. MARTIN'S CRYPT.



1. THE VIMY RIDGE PILGRIMS LEAVING WESTMINSTER HALL FOR THE CENOTAPH: FLAG-BEARERS HEADING THE PROCESSION ACROSS PARLIAMENT SQUARE.

2. PILGRIMS RECEIVING THEIR TICKETS FOR THE BUCKINGHAM PALACE GARDEN-PARTY: IN THE CRYPT OF THAT WORLD-FAMOUS CHURCH, ST. MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, THEIR HEADQUARTERS; WHERE A POST OFFICE AND A RESTAURANT WERE INSTALLED FOR THEIR BENEFIT.

The Canadian Vimy Ridge Pilgrims who took part in the ceremonies in London on July 29 began the day by attending a reception in Westminster Hall, where they were addressed by Mr. Baldwin. After that they marched to the Cenotaph, where General Ross laid a wreath. In the afternoon a reception was held in Buckingham Palace Gardens. To this all the Pilgrims were invited. Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester were host and hostess. A special

Post Office and a temporary restaurant were installed in the crypt of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, which was used as headquarters by the bulk of the Pilgrims during their visit to London. Four boats bringing the Pilgrims to England docked at Tilbury and Southampton on July 28, and the part of the crypt reserved for them was soon crowded with Canadians meeting friends and relatives and arranging visits and tours to many parts of the British Isles.

THE VIMY RIDGE PILGRIMS IN LONDON: WITH THE KING AT THE PALACE.



1. THE GARDEN-PARTY GIVEN AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE FOR SIX THOUSAND CANADIAN PILGRIMS: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE.

2. THE KING'S UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL: HIS MAJESTY (CENTRE BACKGROUND); THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER (NEXT TO RIGHT) ACTING AS HOST; AND THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER (IN LIGHT DRESS, FOURTH FROM LEFT).

Some 6000 of the Canadian Pilgrims in London attended a Garden Party at Buckingham Palace on July 29. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester acted as host and hostess for the King, and, to the delight of the visitors, his Majesty appeared unexpectedly during the afternoon. Fortunately the weather was fine at first, although rain fell later. On their arrival at the Palace the guests were shown, by footmen in scarlet and gold livery, across the crimson-carpeted grand

corridor and out through the bow saloon on to the Palace lawn. Naturally it was not an occasion for fashionable dress, and in this respect it contrasted with the usual Royal Garden Parties and the recent Afternoon Receptions. Pilgrim bérêts, of course, were the order of the day in head-gear. It was probably the most informal function of its kind ever held in those surroundings, but none the less one of the most memorable in its historical significance.

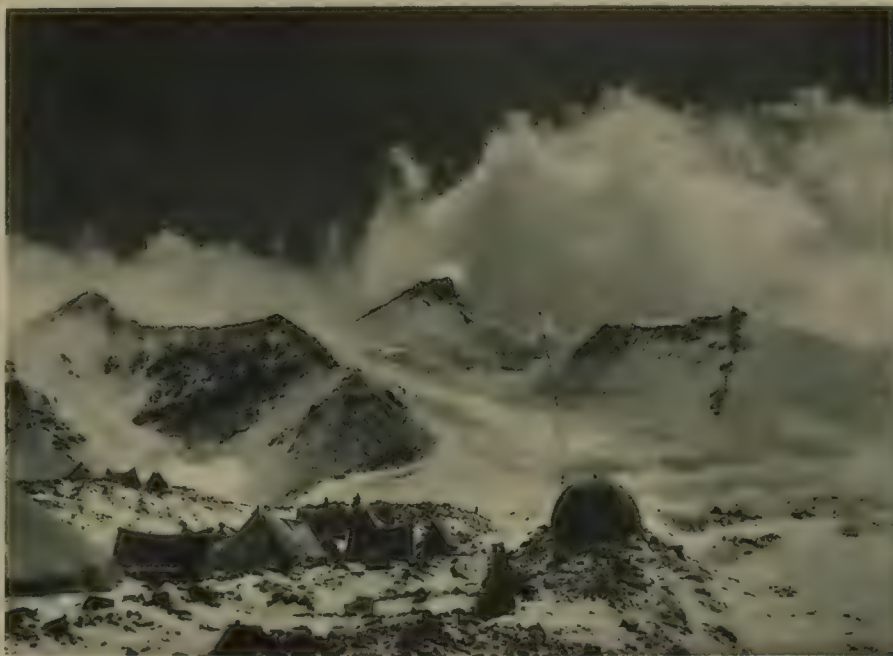
A VERY GALLANT FAILURE: EVEREST CLIMBERS BEATEN BY THE WEATHER.

EXCLUSIVE PHOTOGRAPHS. (WORLD COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)

THE last slender chance of success for the British expedition which made such a gallant attempt to reach the summit of Mount Everest disappeared altogether about June 10. On that day a party reconnoitred the west side of the North Col at the head of the Rongbuk Glacier—as a forlorn hope. By then, however, the monsoon had become so severe and the snow on Everest was so deep that it was plain that the mountain could not be climbed this year. As Sir Percy Cox, chairman of the Mount Everest Committee, remarked: "The splendid composition and equipment of this fifth expedition justified every hope of success. The North Col, occupied with unusual ease a week in advance of the programme, was almost immediately made untenable by a heavy fall of snow, which heralded a very early monsoon, and it could never again be occupied. No previous expedition has ever suffered such impossible weather conditions." Two members of the expedition had a narrow escape from death. Mr. Hugh Rutledge thus described the incident in one of his despatches to the "Daily Telegraph": "On June 6 the North face was obviously negotiable. . . . Wyn Harris and E. E. Sipton undertook the risk of inspection. . . . the snowfield split across. . . . Sipton was carried away, but Harris. . . . leapt back to the edge of a crevasse. On this he jammed his axe and secured the rope, pulling Sipton back. . . . This prompt action saved them both."



THE HIGHEST CAMP BUT ONE ESTABLISHED BY THE BRITISH MOUNT EVEREST EXPEDITION, WHICH WAS FORCED TO RETREAT AFTER A VERY GALLANT ASSAULT: CAMP III., SITED NEAR THE HEAD OF THE EAST RONGBUK GLACIER, 21,500 FT. ABOVE SEA-LEVEL.



THE ASCENT OF THE EAST RONGBUK GLACIER: THE VIEW FROM CAMP II., WITH MOUNT EVEREST AND ICE PINNACLES IN THE BACKGROUND.



PORTERS ON THEIR WAY UP FROM CAMP II. TO CAMP III.: MEN WHO GAVE PROOF OF THE GREATEST GALLANTRY, DEVOTION AND DISCIPLINE.



ON THE EAST RONGBUK GLACIER: MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION HALTED ABOVE 16,000 FT. DURING THE ASCENT.



PORTERS WHO CARRIED FORMIDABLE LOADS AT GREAT ALTITUDES; SEEN IN DEEP SNOW ON THE EAST RONGBUK GLACIER.

The World of the Theatre.

By IVOR BROWN.

MATTERS OF POLICY.

THE end of the summer season is an opportune moment for beginning certain reflections on the state of our theatre. One dominant and rather dreary feature has been a certain lack of prosperity in the playhouse during a period of general prosperity outside. It cannot be said that Court mourning caused this state of affairs. Naturally the death of King George V. did affect the situation in January. But there was a remarkable recovery after the King's funeral. The slump came later, in the early summer, and it was not to be explained by the usual excuses, heat-wave, or epidemic, or trade depression.

It came, I am convinced, because there is a growing realisation among the middle classes that the theatre in London is not a good enough bargain. There are always one or two shows—whatever, for example, Miss Dodie Smith writes, or Sir Cedric Hardwicke or Mr. Noel Coward or Mr. John Gielgud appears in—which are deemed essential to polite living, and are therefore patronised at high prices. The same thing probably applies to musical shows or revues in which, say, Mr. Bobbie Howes or Mr. Leslie Henson is to be seen. But, after that, there are very few affairs which the public will be spontaneously eager to patronise. They need to be coaxed. Every other trade in the world is coaxing them for all it is worth. How far does coaxing go in the theatre?

Well, there is the Privileged Price, which really means "two seats for the price of one," for all who pay a small subscription to a certain organisation. This applies only to certain plays in certain theatres, but it has worked

its antiquated buildings are entirely reconstructed and brought up to modern notions of comfort, appearance and convenience. This is not proven. People will go to the old-fashioned and ill-upholstered houses so long as the show and the prices of admission are both reasonably attractive. They are not so deeply considering the cushions. But they are considering the cost.

One significant event of the year has been the conquest of the most august kind of playgoing to the popular principle of "twice-nightly," combined with much reduced prices. The difficulty of finding big spectacular shows for the Coliseum and Alhambra was countered in this way, and Mr. Cochran, who has hitherto been resolute to charge high prices for high-class wares, turned his big show "Follow the Sun," at the Adelphi into a twice-nightly affair, with prices comparatively modest. The reception of this change by the public was, I believe, remarkable. The revue continued to flourish. A business friend of mine said to me that he had been twice and taken friends because he could now get really good seats for six shillings and need not hurry over dinner. What he had hitherto disliked was having to pay fifteen shillings for a decent place and the necessity of being there at an inconveniently early hour.

Now, whether or not the twice-nightly principle can be applied to serious drama, and especially to plays in which big emotional demands are made on the actor, is a matter which the actors themselves will settle. Twice-nightly, plus matinées, puts a big muscular strain on dancers, and a big vocal strain on singers and speakers. Apparently they can face this. Some can even face continuous revue. But what about the man or woman who has a leading part in a play with several large emotional scenes? Can they really do justice to this if they are to be kept at it from 2.30 to 11.30 on two or three days a week? Will not their playing go stale and become mechanical or listless?

That objection will, I think, be overruled. The actor's life—providing he is not attempting to make films or broadcast or rehearse another play at the same time—is not particularly strenuous. Mr. Cochran's name carries weight, and when he put his signature, as it were, to the twice-nightly movement, he bestowed upon it an authority

which goes far with the fashionable public as well as with the general. In my opinion, the season of 1936 has demonstrated beyond doubt that the pleasant comedy, nicely performed, is not saleable at the old prices and under the old conditions, even though it arrives with a cartload of good



"SPRING TIDE," AT THE DUCHESS THEATRE: DERYL FLAVIS (LEFT) COMES TO MRS. PORRETT'S BOARDING-HOUSE AND IS GLADLY ACCEPTED WITHOUT ANY REFERENCES—(LEFT TO RIGHT) ANNE TWIGG; LOUISE HAMPTON AS MRS. PORRETT; BASIL RADFORD AS WROTHERINGTON; AND ARTHUR SINCLAIR AS MR. O'HARA. The action of "Spring Tide," at the Duchess Theatre, takes place in the boarding-house of Mrs. Porrett. The kind-hearted landlady is played by Louise Hampton and most of the other characters are boarders at the house. The play is by George Billam and Peter Goldsmith, and is produced by H. K. Aylliff.

wonders for some pieces. One of the most successful comedies of recent years was hopefully launched, but lost money steadily when played at full West End prices. When transferred to the Privileged Price system, it flourished month after month and year after year, and survived all the difficulties which were pleaded as excuse for the demise of other plays. What surprises me is how little notice other managers pay to facts like that. They continue to offer, with twelve-and-sixpenny stalls, and ten-and-sixpenny or eight-and-sixpenny dress circle seats, brief little pieces of agreeable comedy with casts that are adequate and efficient, but not glamorous. There is nothing here to coax the public. There is no effort to meet the competition of the film. There is no sort of salesmanship at work. So these plays fade out, and the backers burn their fingers once again.

I am doubtful whether any seat for any play is worth more than seven-and-sixpence. You can buy the best contemporary novel for that amount, and, even so, people regard the price as so severe that very few do ever purchase a novel. They put it on the library list, and so get a loan of it for a few pence. It has been strongly urged that the theatre cannot compete with the kinema unless



"WHOM THE GODS LOVE," THE NEW FILM DEALING WITH THE LIFE OF MOZART, WHICH IS DUE AT THE CURZON ON AUGUST 3: STEPHEN HAGGARD AS MOZART.

"Whom the Gods Love" is a Life of Mozart in film form and is an Associated Talking Picture production based on a story by Margaret Kennedy. Sir Thomas Beecham recorded a considerable part of the music for it, including excerpts from "The Marriage of Figaro" and "The Magic Flute." Among the outstanding incidents is the first performance of "The Magic Flute" in 1791.

notices and a sufficiently impressive list of names in the cast. The drama is no longer to be sold on these terms. Whisky may still command twelve-and-six a bottle, but the number of plays commanding twelve-and-sixpence a seat is not more than one-tenth of the total number produced in the West End.

I know the arguments against price-reduction. All our standards will be lowered, they say, the actors sweated and oppressed. Well, the actors must look after themselves through their professional organisations. The standards are not reduced when the show is made available to the Privilege Price public. The "P.P." system has brought into the theatre those who never went there, and brought back those who had deserted it because of its heavy charge for a reserved and comfortable seat. The questionable feature of the system is that it is done on the quiet. But at least it is an effort (and a shrewd one) to look for trade when trade is scarce. The old theatrical policy of writing up your price-list, sending out your advertisements, and waiting for the result is dead. Nowadays the manager must conform to a world of salesmanship and use his ingenuity to increase his sales of seats.

A fortnight ago I discussed Mr. Shaw and the Malvern Festival. It began on July 25 with a fine production of "Saint Joan"; and on July 26 the author became an octogenarian.



MR. O'HARA (ARTHUR SINCLAIR; RIGHT) REMOVES A MODERNISTIC ORNAMENT FROM THE TABLE IN FAVOUR OF AN ASPIDISTRA; WITH ARTHUR HAMBLING AS BARKER AND LOUISE HAMPTON AS MRS. PORRETT: A SCENE FROM "SPRING TIDE."



SACRED FIRE FOR THE OLYMPIC GAMES LIT BY A FLAME KINDLED BY THE HEAT OF THE SUN'S RAYS: GREEK GIRLS LIGHTING THE TORCH AT OLYMPIA.



THE FIRST OF 2900 ATHLETES WHO BORE THE TORCH FROM OLYMPIA TO BERLIN BY KILOMETRE STAGES: M. KONDYLIS LEAVING THE TEMPLE OF ZEUS.

For the opening to-day (August 1) of the Olympic Games at Berlin, sacred fire from Olympia (in Elis, southern Greece), the scene of the ancient Olympic Games, has been carried across Europe for some 1800 miles by relays of torch-bearing athletes in kilometre stages. About 2900 runners took part, and it was arranged that on the last stage, into the Berlin stadium, the torch should be borne by Loues, the Greek winner of the first modern Marathon race forty years ago. The ceremony of kindling the first torch, by the heat of the sun's rays, was performed by Greek girls on July 20 at the Temple of Zeus at Olympia. As noted in our last issue, the torch was carried on the first stage

by M. Constantine Kondylis, who received it from a girl after it had been lit at the altar. On July 21 it reached Athens from Corinth, and after celebrations on the Acropolis was carried down to the Stadium, where a great ceremony was attended by the King of Greece. The torch was afterwards carried, by way of Eleusis, Thebes, and Delphi, to the Bulgarian frontier. It was stated that in Bulgaria King Boris would run with the torch through the streets of Sofia, and that in Yugoslavia the young King Peter would carry it through Belgrade, halting to reflect its flame on his father's tomb. Thence it was to pass through Budapest, Vienna, Prague, and Dresden on its way to Berlin.

WOULD THE ANCIENT GREEKS HAVE DEFEATED THE ATHLETES



CONTESTS IN THE MODERN OLYMPIC GAMES COMPARED WITH THEIR PROTOTYPES IN THE OLYMPIC GAMES OF ANCIENT GREECE: A MODERN BOXING MATCH (LEFT); AND AN ANCIENT GREEK BOXING MATCH, THE BOXERS WEARING, INSTEAD OF GLOVES, "GISTS" MADE OF LEATHER THINGS BOUND ROUND THE HAND AND FOREARM.



AN ANCIENT LONG-JUMPER: A VASE-PAINTING ILLUSTRATING THE "DUMB-BELLS" SWUNG FORWARD IN THE ACT OF JUMPING, TO INCREASE THE MOMENTUM.



A MODERN LONG-JUMPER: A PHOTOGRAPH OF A WOMAN ATHLETE WITH AN ACTION SIMILAR TO THAT OF THE GREEK LONG-JUMPER; BUT WITHOUT "DUMB-BELLS."



MODERN LONG-DISTANCE RUNNERS: A PHOTOGRAPH FOR COMPARISON WITH THE ADJOINING GREEK VASE-PAINTING OF A SIMILAR EVENT.



ANCIENT GREEK LONG-DISTANCE RUNNERS: A VASE-PAINTING SHOWING COMPETITORS WHOSE ACTION IS COMPARABLE TO THAT OF MODERN ATHLETES.

The eleventh Olympic Games are being held this year at Berlin from to-day, August 1, to the 16th. The modern Olympic Games carry on the ancient Greek athletic tradition and, naturally, give rise to the question, "How do our modern athletes compare with those of ancient Greece?" The ancient Olympic Games included foot-races over courses measuring about two hundred and four hundred yards and longer, as well as a race run in heavy armour; chariot-racing; boxing; wrestling, differing but little in practice from that of modern

times, except that the wrestlers' limbs were anointed with oil and sprinkled with sand. The Greek pentathlon was a contest of five games—leaping, foot-racing, spear-throwing, discus-throwing, and wrestling—the winner having to be successful in at least three events. The only leap practised by the Greeks seems to have been the long jump. In those days competitors increased their momentum by means of "dumb-bells," which they swung in the act of leaping, as shown in one of our illustrations. The rules of boxing in antiquity did

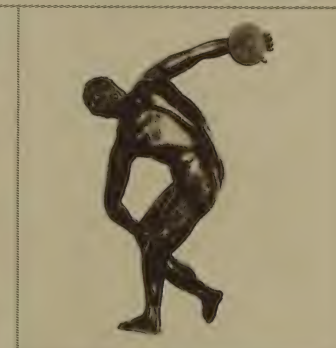
OF TO-DAY?—A QUESTION RAISED BY THE OLYMPIC GAMES.



WRESTLING AS PRACTISED BY ANCIENT AND MODERN ATHLETES: A GREEK VASE-PAINTING DEPICTING THE REFEREE STRIKING THE CONTESTANTS WITH A SWITCH FOLLOWING A FOUL HOLD (THE WRESTLER ON THE RIGHT PRESSING THE OTHER'S EYEBALL WITH BOTH HIS THUMBS); AND A PHASE OF A MODERN WRESTLING BOUT.



A GREEK DRINKING-CUP WITH PAINTINGS OF DISCUS- AND JAVELIN-THROWING—TRADITIONAL OLYMPIC CONTESTS.



AN ANCIENT STATUETTE OF A DISCUS-THROWER: AN ATHLETIC EXERCISE REINTRODUCED IN MODERN OLYMPIC GAMES.



THE DISCUS-THROWER: THE BACK VIEW OF THE STATUETTE, SHOWING THE RHYTHMIC ACTION OF THE MUSCLES.



THE START OF A SPRINT IN ANCIENT GREECE: THE ATHLETES GETTING OFF THE MARK (THEN USUALLY A STONE CURB), WITH LEGS BENT.



THE START OF A MODERN SPRINT FROM THE CROUCHING POSITION: RUNNERS WHOSE ATTITUDES DIFFER FROM THOSE OF THE GREEK ATHLETES.

not differ greatly from those of the modern ring; but the use of ear-guards, and the comic allusions to broken ears, rather than broken noses, suggest that the Greek boxer did not hit out straight from the shoulder, but fought windmill fashion. Again it may be asked—were the ancient Greeks really so outstanding as athletes? Would their best men have won the traditional events in a modern Olympic contest? In the course of a most interesting article in the "Kölnische Illustrierte Zeitung" in which he discusses this

question, Dr. Walter Bombe gives his opinion that, as far as record-breaking is concerned, our modern athletes achieve better performances than the Greeks ever did. On the other hand, Dr. Bombe points out, the Greeks excelled us in one respect—that is, in the harmonious development of the whole body, and in the athletic training of the nation generally; for the practise of athletics among the Greeks was closely bound up with dancing and singing on the one hand, and, on the other, with the practical training of young men in bearing arms.

EUROPE'S STEPCHILDREN.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"NATIVE POLICIES IN AFRICA." By L. P. MAIR.*

(PUBLISHED BY ROUTLEDGE.)

THIS book is timely. It bears all the marks of the academic treatise, and, with its austerity of matter and manner, is perhaps designed more for the class-room, or for a body of examiners, than for the general reader. It is, however, clear and compact, and is obviously the fruit of much patient investigation. And, we repeat, it is opportune, for several reasons. We live in days when there is much scepticism about "colonial policies" of any kind, when the very word "empire" has an ill savour to many minds, and when a certain school of thought considers a Commonwealth of Nations almost a thing to apologise for. And again, recent events have concentrated attention on the particular problem—the innumerable problems—of Africa. In this connection, though it may be ungracious to demand of a book more than the limited objective which it has set itself, we cannot but regret that Miss Mair's comparative study did not include some description of Italian experiments. There is much speculation everywhere concerning the future of Ethiopia, and this volume would have gained greatly in public interest if it had given some account of Italian methods, of which little is known in this country, in Libya and Eritrea.

It has been increasingly realised that Africa presents not only a political but a moral problem; and from one idealistic point of view it is possible, though not very plausible, to argue that the white man has no "right," whether by conquest or by peaceful penetration, in Africa, which (according to this view) is "Black Man's Country" and should remain so. This opinion is, we suggest, wholly ill-founded, and was even more ill-founded in the days of *laissez passer*; and, let us hasten to add, it is not an opinion advanced by Miss Mair. But, if we once admit the inevitableness of European penetration into Africa, we should also admit that the clash of white and black cultures is bound to produce problems of immense complexity and great variety, for which no system of colonisation can provide a ready solution. In her criticisms—many of them well justified—of native policies, Miss Mair perhaps does not make enough allowance for this unfortunate but inescapable circumstance. European policies in Africa, we are told, "have been actuated by an unquestioning belief in the inherent superiority of British justice, *la civilisation française*, Christianity, the dignity of labour, individual enterprise, the ability to utilise natural resources to the full, over any other form of government, education, religion, or economic organisation, and they have set themselves to impose the institutions of which they approve on all the peoples over whom they exercise authority." Now, although experience has shown that the rigid and unimaginative enforcement of European standards in Africa is both mistaken in theory and unfruitful in practice, and although native cultures have many excellent institutions which we have no right to consider merely barbaric, it seems to us quite inevitable, in the existing circumstances, that there should be some considerable measure of "imposition" of civilised principles upon African tribal communities. To that extent, the native, wherever he comes in contact with white settlement, must be under some degree of control and authority, and it is well always to remember this in our criticisms of native policies.

How have the different nations dealt with this problem, which, though only one of many questions of colonial policy, is, to modern opinion, fundamental? The French theory has all the usual Gallic clarity. France is quite candid in demanding from her colonies three things: (1) men; (2) financial contributions; and (3) raw materials. In exchange, she offers the African native the privilege, which she considers unquestionable and inestimable, of becoming a son of *la patrie*. "The rôle of the native seems to be clear. He is to fight and produce for the mother-country like a good Frenchman." If he is sufficiently intelligent and industrious, he can qualify by education to rank among the *élite*, in which case he is guaranteed complete civic equality with his white fellow-citizens. For the rank and file, there is education up to the standard of their capacity, but, unless they can attain to the *élite*, there is no question of equality, any more than there is in other European native policies. M. Sarraut, as quoted by Miss Mair,

conceives of French colonisation as a system of "new and rectilinear architectures"—in a word, of the systematic Gallicisation of the native. It follows that in this theory there can be no question of the Indirect Rule of British policy, to which we shall presently refer.

The Portuguese conception seems to be on much the same lines as the French, though here the regimentation of the native seems to be even more uncompromising. The Belgian Congo has suffered from a bad tradition, which has now been largely rectified. Although the system of concessions still prevails, and is undoubtedly open to abuses, the administration of native affairs in this colony is now reasonably enlightened and certainly efficient, and Miss Mair points out that Belgium is the only country which has dealt resolutely with the problem of adjusting

The "stratified society" is to be found in what Miss Mair calls the White Man's Countries—South Africa, Southern Rhodesia, Kenya, Northern Rhodesia, and Nyasaland: countries in which, owing to elevations of at least 4000 feet, white settlement and European industry are possible on a large and permanent scale.

This classification seems to us somewhat arbitrary. It is misleading to place the Union of South Africa in the same category as the other "White Man's Countries." South Africa is an old European civilisation, with every bit as good a "right" to the occupied land as the invading Bantu peoples; it is not only a self-governing Dominion, but one of the world's nations. Its mineral wealth has concentrated upon its world-wide economic forces which not all the pure idealism and humanitarianism on earth

could prevent, and these combined factors have generated problems which it is very easy to pose and exceedingly difficult to solve. Miss Mair is severely critical of South African native policy for attempting to "have it both ways"—in the baldest terms, for trying to "improve" the native in order to make use of him, and at the same time keeping him in a state of subjection. This facile condemnation is, in our view, neither helpful nor discerning. It should always be remembered that South Africa's racial problem is gigantic and without parallel in the world. It is easy enough to scoff at a policy of "the supremacy of the white race"; but can any European community of ancient tradition—indeed, can the world—face with equanimity the unmistakable alternative, which confronts South Africa, of the supremacy of black races? No ready-made solution can be expected in such a complex situation; and we must confess that when we read Miss Mair's description of the ideal "scientific" native policy—arrived at after much ponderous discussion of the sociological forces of "cohesion," but with most inadequate consideration of economic factors—we find nothing but vague generalities, of no greater value than the principles which enlightened colonisers have worked out empirically, though up to the present time—and this is not surprising—imperfectly.

The "evolutionary" form of native policy is that which, as the result of the admirable experiments of Lord Lugard and Sir Donald Cameron in Tanganyika and Nigeria, has come to be known as Indirect Rule. Sir Donald Cameron, to whose splendid colonial work every Englishman should pay tribute, has himself defined the essence of indirect rule as "the allegiance of a people to a tribal head, freely given and without external cause." "Its essential characteristic," Miss Mair writes, "in the eyes of its creator was that the government of the native peoples by their own rulers should continue to be a reality; that all orders should come from the native ruler; that the share of the European official in determining their nature should be genuinely limited to persuasion in all possible circumstances, and that when it did become necessary to put pressure on a native authority the appearance of his freedom of action *vis-à-vis* his subjects should still be preserved." This does not, however, exclude the idea of the ultimate superiority—we need not be afraid of the word—of European civilisation, which in the last resort must prevail in case of conflict. Indirect Rule is thus "an attempt to preserve what can still be preserved of indigenous institutions in a situation in which the radical modification of many of them is assumed as necessary and desirable."

Behind it all there is a moral idea, a sense of voluntary but solemn responsibility, briefly called "trusteeship," for primitive peoples who, through no choice of their own, have been brought into contact, and in many cases into conflict, with wholly unaccustomed institutions. It is not only the converse, but the emphatic repudiation, of the cynical doctrine of exploitation. Its weakness, as against the arbitrary but clear-cut French theory, is that it is necessarily experimental and cannot clearly foresee its own outcome.

We share to the full Miss Mair's admiration for the system of Indirect Rule, but must add the qualification that it cannot be applied with equal efficacy in all the settlements of Africa. Controversy on this and all other African questions is endless; but, whatever view we take, we must be grateful to this painstaking investigator for a compendious account of the innumerable currents and cross-currents in a continent which challenges and demands the earliest attention of all thinking Europeans.—C. K. A.



THE "SILVER JUBILEE TAPESTRY": A GIFT TO THE LATE KING GEORGE AND TO QUEEN MARY, REPRESENTING WINDSOR CASTLE AND ITS SURROUNDINGS, WITH THE ROYAL ARMS, AND DEVICES OF SOVEREIGNS CLOSELY ASSOCIATED WITH IT, IN A HERALDIC BORDER—A MAGNIFICENT PANEL WOVEN AT CAMBRIDGE AND RECENTLY SHOWN IN LONDON.

This beautiful tapestry panel was a gift to the late King George and to Queen Mary, on the occasion of their Silver Jubilee, from some personal friends, and is to hang in the Guard Chamber at Windsor, a site chosen by their Majesties. It was woven by the Cambridge Tapestry Co. Queen Mary has taken deep interest in it, visiting the Cambridge looms during its progress, and later the galleries of Messrs. Spink and Son, 5-7, King Street, St. James's, where it has been on view free to the public from July 27 to 31. The design, which owes much to Professor A. J. B. Wace (late Keeper of Textiles, Victoria and Albert Museum) and Mr. Archibald G. B. Russell, Lancaster Herald, depicts Windsor Castle and its vicinity. In the right foreground is Eton College Chapel. Beyond the Castle are seen (in background) Fort Belvedere (the present King's house) and Ascot racecourse (right). Lower down are Virginia Water, Cumberland Lodge, Ranger's Lodge, Royal Lodge, Cranbourne Tower, the statue of George III. (beyond the Long Walk), Queen Anne's Ride, Flemish Farm, and the Royal Mews. The heraldic border contains the Royal Arms, the badges of England, Scotland, Wales and Ulster, and those of various former Sovereigns who were closely associated with Windsor.

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European expansion to the resources of the native population.

Britain, in Miss Mair's view, has developed in Africa two types of "blended cultures," which are designated the "stratified society" and the "evolutionary" society. In the "stratified society," "the central aim is the supremacy of the white community. . . . The African population must be available to do that work which Europeans are not prepared to undertake, especially in those forms of production to which cheap labour is essential. The African must therefore adopt the European attitude towards money, the desirability of material possessions, and the dignity of hard, monotonous work regulated, not by the weather or man's inclination, but by the clock; he must acquire new manual skill, and that degree of literacy and some language other than his own which will facilitate communication with his employer." It is a corollary of this system, in this critic's judgment, that the native must be kept in a definitely inferior status.

* "Native Policies in Africa." By L. P. Mair, M.A., Ph.D., Lecturer in Colonial Administration, London School of Economics. (George Routledge and Sons; 12s. 6d.)



THE badges belong to the following ships: Top row (left to right)—the battleships "Queen Elizabeth," "Iron Duke" (now a gunnery training ship), "Rodney," "Nelson," "Revenge," and "Royal Sovereign." Second row—the battle-cruisers "Renown," "Hood," and "Repulse"; the old battle-cruisers "Lion" and "Tiger"; and the cruiser "Vindictive." Third row—the cruisers "Arethusa," "Coventry," "Curacoa," "Kent," "Sussex," and "London." Fourth row—the cruisers "Cumberland," "Cornwall,"



"Orion," and "Neptune"; and the aircraft carriers "Courageous" and "Furious." Fifth row—the aircraft carriers "Glorious" and "Eagle"; the monitor "Erebus"; the flotilla leader "Broke"; the submarine "Shark"; and the destroyer "Sturdy." Sixth row—the destroyers "Stronghold," "Velox," and "Viceroy"; the flotilla leader "Wallace"; and the destroyers "Westminster" and "Ambuscade." Bottom row—the destroyer "Crusader"; the flotilla leader "Duncan"; and the destroyer "Forester."

BADGES OF SHIPS OF THE ROYAL NAVY REPRODUCED AS AN EXHIBIT FOR NAVY WEEK AT PORTSMOUTH: PICTURESQUE INSIGNIA OF THIRTY-NINE FAMOUS NAVAL UNITS.

Navy Week begins to-day, August 1, at Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Chatham, and will be continued from August 3 until August 8. This year the public is offered a greater number of attractions than ever before. An interesting feature of the Week at Portsmouth is an exhibition of original paintings and drawings by the leading marine artists of to-day, the pictures representing the modern Navy at work in peace and war. The exhibition is hung in a gallery in Portsmouth Dockyard. Above the pictures there is set a frieze of reproductions, lent by Mr. E. A. Mole, of the official badges of thirty-nine of our more famous ships.

The complete series is illustrated on this page. Each Naval ship has her official badge, or crest. Visitors going aboard the ships during Navy Week will be able to see these badges in cast yellow brass—on the bows of the ships' boats and on the tampions in the muzzles of the guns. Capital ships have a circular badge, while badges of cruisers are pentagonal and those of flotilla leaders and destroyers are in shield form. The reproductions exhibited in the Dockyard are in the form of plaques 6½ in. deep by 5½ in. wide, and are accurate miniature replicas of the originals. This page gives a good idea of their interest and variety.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

WONDERFUL LOANS TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

By FRANK DAVIS.



WE all move house occasionally, and when we do our household gods settle down quietly enough in their new surroundings. No trumpets sound, though the front-door bell may shrill in a slightly different key. We were there only last week—now we are here, and that's all there is to it. This is not, however, an invariable rule, for some men are so circumstanced that they don't move—they change their residence, which implies a drastic uprooting or (to alter the metaphor) a great and glorious splash whose ripples spread far and wide until they lap distant shores. Such a natural and interesting phenomenon is now to be observed—Mr. C. S. Gulbenkian, oil-magnate, has given up his house in Paris and is settling down in London, preceded by certain world-famous pictures which, by the time these words appear in print, will be on view to the public in the National Gallery, on loan for twelve months. The nation has every reason to be grateful to the Director of the Gallery and to his Trustees for thus breaking with tradition and arranging so notable an exhibition, and to the owner for parting with his personal possessions, even temporarily, for this is a series of pictures which will draw not only ourselves, but every lover of

with another full-length portrait in the room, Mrs. Lowndes-Stone by Gainsborough, a first-class portrait in almost any other company. The English picture is obviously the work of an excellent painter deliberately setting out to make the best of a fashionable woman in return for a fee—"Look at my charming dress," she says. "Isn't it pleasant to have ten thousand a year?" Gainsborough is bored with her amiable face; he does wonders with chiffon and silk, and, of course, with the trees in the background, but the picture as a whole is devitalised, anæmic. Rubens paints with gusto, with affection, with knowledge, with complete absorption, with profound understanding—a labour of love carried triumphantly to its conclusion.

A trifle breathless, one turns to the two Rembrandts, as fine examples of the great Dutchman's later period as one can wish to see—the Rabbi was painted in 1645; the other about ten years later. Here is a more weighty, and sombre temperament, probing deep into human emotions beneath the veil of

quiet melancholy of the face of Pallas Athene reflects something of the tragedy of the painter's own life; and did Rembrandt, when he placed the helmet with its crest of the bird of wisdom upon the head of his son Titus (for he is surely the model),



FIG. 1. "A FÊTE GALANTE," BY NICOLAS LANCRET (1690-1743): A PERFECT EXAMPLE OF THIS PAINTER'S STYLE; MEASURING 25½ BY 27½ IN.

From the Prussian Royal Collections at Potsdam.

the senses and endowed with a technical equipment so personal that it baffled the analysis of his contemporaries as much as it does ours. Neither the hands of the old man, nor the highlights on the armour of the other picture, have any parallel except in Rembrandt's own work; nor has the gravity which underlies almost all his paintings, especially during the last twenty years of his life. Is it absurd to imagine that the

reflect upon his own worldly unwisdom? The fourth picture from the Hermitage is the little "Annunciation" by Dirk Bouts, one of those Flemish devotional exercises (how patronising and degrading a phrase!) regarding which it is impossible to decide whether its lovely eloquent line, or its harmonious colour-scheme (blue dress, red cushions and cover to seat in background), or its absolute sincerity is the more impressive. Odd that later generations attempt the same subject and become mawkishly sentimental!

The Rubens, by the way, appears to have been bought by Catherine the Great in 1777 from the Walpole family at Houghton. I have just found a curious and revealing reference to her activities in Horace Mann's letters from Florence, thus: "Here is neither Painter, Engraver, nor Sculptor above the most common class. The best of the latter sort is a drunken Englishman whose whole employment is to make charming chimneypieces for the Palace, and some for Russia, whose Empress buys everything, good or bad, that her emissaries can find in Italy." One can only add that, with this Rubens as an example of her taste, the great Empress can be forgiven much.

So much for the four pictures from Russia. Not all the others have quite the distinction of these four (e.g., the Carpaccio of Fig. 3, though a delightful decoration, is not in a perfect condition). There is a magnificent Boucher—an early one, signed and dated 1738—and a perfect Lancret (Fig. 1); but I venture to suggest that Fig. 2, "Fête at Rambouillet," is by far the most impressive of the remainder and should finally dispose of the heresy, still current in certain quarters on this side of the Channel, that Jean Honoré Fragonard was a mere composer of frivolities, many of which were not in accord with the Nonconformist conscience. This landscape, light-hearted though it is, has qualities, both dramatic and purely technical, which place it at once among the few great pictures of the late eighteenth century.

Other paintings from the Gulbenkian collection, including two or three by Guardi and Hubert Robert, will, I am informed, reach London in time to be included in the exhibition. I understand also that a little later we may have the pleasure of seeing a further selection, mostly of the French eighteenth century.



FIG. 2. "A FÊTE AT RAMBOUILLET," BY JEAN HONORÉ FRAGONARD (1732-1806), MEASURING 28 BY 35½ IN.: "AMONG THE FEW GREAT PICTURES OF THE LATE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY."

From the Joseph Bardac Collection.

art in Europe and America to Trafalgar Square: all that remains now is for the English to go "Bolshy" or authoritarian, banish Mr. Gulbenkian to a desert island, and confiscate his collection *pro bono publico*!

Of the earlier pictures, pride of place must go to four which were once in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg (see opposite page), and of these (with due regard to individual tastes) one, the full-length by Rubens of his second-wife, Helen Fourment, can be justly described as not the least among the wonders of the world. Like everyone else, I was familiar with this portrait from photographs, but to see it for the first time in the flesh, as it were, was a revelation. It is not merely that the eye is entranced by a hundred exquisite passages—the shadows on the neck, the hands, the sheen of the black satin dress, the lace sleeves, the violet silk bows at the elbows—but the whole figure is aflame with an intense urgency which can be experienced but not described. Compare this tremendous *tour de force*



FIG. 3. "THE VIRGIN AND TWO DONORS ADORING THE CHILD," BY VITTORE CARPACCIO (circa 1450-1522): A PANEL, 35½ BY 52½ IN., SIGNED AND DATED 1505.

From Lord Berwick's Collection.

HERMITAGE MASTERPIECES LENT TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY: WORLD-FAMOUS PICTURES BY REMBRANDT, RUBENS, AND DIRK BOUTS.

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"THE ANNUNCIATION," BY DIRK (OR DIERICK) BOUTS (DIED 1475): A SMALL PICTURE, MEASURING 10 15-16 BY 13 11-16 IN., REMARKABLE FOR ITS SINCERITY AND ITS BEAUTIFUL COLOUR SCHEME, FORMERLY (LIKE THE OTHER WORKS HERE ILLUSTRATED) IN THE HISTORIC COLLECTION AT THE HERMITAGE, ST. PETERSBURG (NOW KNOWN AS LENINGRAD).



"PORTRAIT OF HELEN FOURMENT" (THE PAINTER'S SECOND WIFE), BY PETER PAUL RUBENS (1577-1640): A PANEL (6 FT. 1 IN. BY 2 FT. 9 IN.) PAINTED ABOUT 1631, AND ACQUIRED BY CATHERINE THE GREAT IN 1777.

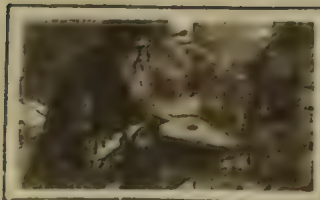


"A RABBI," BY REMBRANDT (1607-1669): A WORK SIGNED AND DATED 1645—ONE OF THE FINEST EXAMPLES OF THE GREAT DUTCH MASTER'S LATER PERIOD. (MEASUREMENTS, 50 1/2 BY 34 1/2 IN.)

THE four pictures illustrated above, and discussed on the opposite page, are from the collection of Mr. C. S. Gulbenkian, and, with several other masterpieces, will be on loan in the National Gallery for a year. They were acquired by the present owner about six years ago from the Russian Government and formed part of the wonderful series of old masters at the Hermitage, St. Petersburg. The Rubens—a masterpiece of sensitive portraiture—went to Russia in 1777 from Houghton. An illuminating sidelight upon the Empress Catherine's interest in art is provided by her comment on Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Discourses"—delivered to students of the Royal Academy in London. She read them all "with the greatest avidity" and said that "it was the best work that ever was wrote on the subject." She presented Sir Joshua with a jewelled snuff-box, which he used to display on formal occasions with pride, and the following note in her own hand: "Pour le Chevalier Reynolds en témoignage du contentement que j'ai ressentie à la lecture de ses excellens discours sur la peinture."



"PALLAS ATHENE," BY REMBRANDT: A WORK DATING FROM ABOUT 1655 (FOR WHICH THE ARTIST'S SON TITUS WAS PROBABLY THE MODEL), NOTABLE FOR THE MASTERLY TREATMENT OF THE ARMOUR. (46 1/2 BY 35 1/2 IN.)



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE WHITE-TAILED GNU.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

GOOD news comes from the "Zoo," to the effect that once more we shall be able to see that extraordinary animal, the white-tailed gnu, or "black wildebeeste" (*Connochates gnu*), for a pair have just been acquired from the executors of the late Mr. Blaauw, who had a wonderful private "Zoo" at Graveland, in North Holland. This, indeed, is one of the most remarkable and interesting of all the antelopes, and this not merely on account of its own inherent peculiarities, but also because it serves as a connecting-link between antelopes on the one hand and the buffalo and other wild cattle on the other. Another cause for satisfaction at this most welcome addition is the fact that it is now, as a really wild animal, extinct, the survivors in Africa to-day being under protection on a few private estates, though in times past it roamed in vast herds in intimate association with zebras and the now extinct quagga.

There are two very distinct species of gnu. The other, though in many ways less interesting, is the brindled gnu, still fairly numerous, and to be described here presently. The white-tailed gnu is the smaller of the two, standing no more than 3 ft. 10 in. at the shoulder. There is something bordering on the grotesque in its general appearance, owing to the remarkable shape of its horns, which take the form of a pair of great upturned hooks in the males, meeting one another in great "bosses" at the top of the head; and the singularly broad, flat muzzle, with a great fringe of coarse hair. Long, bristly eyelashes and a long mane add to its strange appearance. A voluminous white tail gives the finishing touch to the whole singular effect.

In the days when Gordon Cumming was hunting in South Africa, about the middle of the last century, the "black wildebeeste," as it was called by the Boers, roamed in herds of from twenty to fifty, and showed the most unfortunate inquisitiveness when sighting the ox-wagons which formed the hunters' transport. They would at once approach and wheel

capering in pursuit of one another in circles at racing speed, finally to disappear in a cloud of dust, leaving some of their number behind them dead. But the native hunters succeeded in killing fewer of these than of any other quarry, owing to their more inefficient weapons. The advent of the European hunter quickly changed matters, for they afforded good practice in

the white-tailed gnu, standing about 4 ft. 4 in. at the withers. But the horns recall those of the buffalo, being widespread laterally, and upturned from about the middle of their length, while their bases do not meet one another on the crown of the head and are quite smooth. The span of the horns is from 2 ft. to 2 ft. 2 in. The tail is black, reaching to below the

hocks, while the general coloration of the body varies from a grizzled roan to blackish slaty-brown, with more or less distinct vertical dark stripes on the sides of the neck and fore-quarters. A fringe of long hair runs down the throat and under-side of the neck. Concerning the horns of the young animal, I can, at the moment, gain no information. Yet details enough should be available, since this animal has bred, and more than once, I believe, at the "Zoo." A young animal is seen in Fig. 3 which seems to show that the ears are relatively longer than in the adult. Should any further births of the brindled gnu occur in the Gardens, it is to be hoped that a very exact record will be made of the growth and changes of form in the horns.

In its habits and haunts it resembles the white-tailed gnu, and it is curious to note that both always show a fondness for



1. A FEMALE WHITE-TAILED GNU; SHOWING HOW THE HORNS DO NOT, AS IN THE MALE, MEET AT THEIR BASES: A CREATURE OF SINGULAR AND UNGAINLY APPEARANCE—NOW TO BE SEEN AT THE LONDON "ZOO."

Photograph by D. Seth-Smith.

rifle-shooting, as they would stand and gaze at a distance of three or four hundred yards or so, imagining themselves safe.

The horns of this animal, as I have said, are remarkable. For in the males they are of massive proportions at their bases, meeting one another on the top of the head like a helmet. They then turn sharply downwards, to rise again in a great upward sweep, like an enormous pair of hooks. The females, as is the rule in the development of "secondary" sexual characters, show us an earlier stage in the development of these weapons, for they do not meet at their bases. In this matter of their shape they present a very singular contrast with those of the young animal, where, as will be seen in Fig. 2, they stand straight up like a pair of rather slender spikes, not rising from the summit of the crown as in the adult. Most unfortunately, no one ever seems to have thought it worth while to watch the process of the transformation from these spikes into the hooks of the adult. How and when does this most singular change take place? For it must involve the bony core as well as the horny sheath. The more one studies the differences between these juvenile weapons and those of the adult, the more like some conjuring trick of Nature does this transformation appear. But it may yet be that we shall have an opportunity of following the change step by step. For, if good fortune favours us, this newly-arrived pair may be induced to breed in the Gardens, when the whole process should be revealed.

And now as touching the other species, the brindled gnu, or "blue wildebeeste" (*Connochates taurinus*). There are really three geographical races of this animal, but their distinctions need not concern us here. The home of the best-known and typical race is south-east Central Africa. It was formerly common in the Orange River Colony, but has now become extinct in this area. It is larger than



2. A YOUNG WHITE-TAILED GNU; SHOWING THE SPIKE-SHAPED HORNS, SET LOWER THAN THE CROWN AND WIDE APART: AN ANIMAL WHOSE HAIR AT THIS AGE IS BROWN, NOT BLACK AS IN THE ADULT.

association with herds of zebra or ostriches, and sometimes giraffes. One wonders why this should be. Sometimes single bulls will run with a troop of other antelopes. They drink twice a day, morning and evening, and are fond of wallowing in mud. And when running they do not arch the neck, as does the white-tailed species, but carry the "Roman-nosed" head very low, which gives the animal an ungainly appearance.

Gnu "venison" of both species is said to lack the "gamey" flavour of so many South African antelopes, and is compared to very inferior beef. In the old days, gnu—the white-tailed species—and the now extinct quagga were chiefly shot by the Boer farmers as food for their Hottentot servants, they themselves eating the more tasty venison furnished by springbok, hartebeeste, and gemsbok. In those bad days, vast numbers were shot, for their hides were used for harness, whips, and other gear. When hide-hunting later became intensively pursued, the fate of the gnu was sealed.

Among the antelopes, the gnus are most nearly related to the hartebeestes, and these animals, it will be remembered, are remarkable for the wide range of form which their horns present. They show, indeed, a greater range and greater singularities of form than any other group of antelopes. And here is an aspect of their evolution yet to be carefully explored.



3. THE BRINDLED GNU, OR BLUE WILDEBEESTE, WHICH IS STILL FAIRLY COMMON IN PARTS OF AFRICA: AN ADULT AND CALF.

This species is termed "brindled" on account of the vertical markings on the neck and fore-quarters. The horns are quite different from those of the white-tailed species, being spread horizontally and not meeting at their bases.

round in endless circles, performing the most amazing and intricate evolutions, capering and gambolling about on every side, whisking their long white tails, springing and leaping into the air, then prancing and



You may be the kind of expert who sternly plays Table Tennis . . . or perhaps you're content to treat it flippantly as Ping Pong. It's a strenuous business, anyway . . . and you've earned that Whitbread's Pale Ale . . . gloriously cool and reviving. Worth retrieving any number of balls from under the sideboard to taste refreshment like that!



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PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



MR. FRANK J. POWELL.

Appointed Metropolitan Police magistrate, at Clerkenwell, in succession to Mr. J. B. Watson, who has resigned for health reasons. Mr. Powell was called to the Bar by the Middle Temple in 1921, and practised at the Central Criminal Court and the London Sessions.



LIEUT.-COLONEL G. DOLAND.

Elected M.P. (Con.) in the by-election at Balham caused by the resignation of Sir Alfred Butt. Had a majority of 2070 over the Labour candidate, Captain W. G. Miller. The Conservative majority at the General Election was 9053.



THE NEW HYTHE LIFEBOAT, "VISCOUNTESS WAKEFIELD," NAMED BY ITS DONOR: LORD WAKEFIELD CHRISTENING THE VESSEL.

The lifeboat, the "Viscountess Wakefield," recently provided by Lord Wakefield for the Hythe station of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, was named and handed over to Sir Godfrey Baring, chairman of the Institution, on July 24. It cost £6000; and the station in which it is housed was also built by Lord Wakefield. The lifeboat travels at about 7½ knots, and, in addition to her crew, can accommodate eighty-five people.



REAR-ADMIRAL J. M. PILON.

Admiral-Superintendent, H.M. Dockyard, Gibraltar. Joined with Colonel W. T. Brooks, Acting Governor, in a strongly-worded protest to both sides against the shelling of Gibraltar in the Spanish fighting. Apologies were tendered and the outrages ceased.



LIEUT.-COL. R. STEPHENSON CLARKE.

Elected M.P. (Con.) in the by-election at East Grinstead, caused by the elevation of Sir Henry Cautley to the peerage. Had a majority of 16,499 over the Labour candidate. The Government majority at the General Election was 21,343.



SIR HENRY WELLCOME.

Co-founder of Burroughs Wellcome and Co., the famous firm of chemical manufacturers. Died July 25; aged eighty-two. Inventor of "tabloids." A keen student of archaeology, he carried out a number of important excavations in the Upper Nile region.



MR. J. DYKES BOWER.

Appointed organist at St. Paul's Cathedral, in succession to Dr. Stanley Marchant (now Principal of the Royal Academy of Music). Has been organist at Truro and Durham Cathedrals, and at New College, Oxford. Is thirty-one.



LORD STRACHIE.

The well-known authority on agriculture. Died July 25; aged seventy-seven. M.P. (Lib.), South Somerset, 1892-1911. Treasurer of the Household and a Junior Whip, 1905-1909. Parliamentary Secretary, Board of Agriculture, 1909-1911.



SIR ARCHIBALD CARTER.

Appointed Permanent Secretary of the Admiralty, in succession to the late Sir Oswyn A. R. Murray. Played an important part in the shaping of the Indian Constitutional Reforms. Recently promoted to be Assistant Under-Secretary at the India Office.



MR. S. V. GOODALL.

Appointed Chief of Naval Construction, in succession to Sir Arthur W. Johns, who is resigning owing to ill-health. Assistant Director, since 1932. Has been connected with the Admiralty experiments recently carried out preparatory to replacing capital ships.



THE KING AMONG THE CANADIAN PILGRIMS AT VIMY: HIS MAJESTY ESCORTED BY GENERAL ALEX ROSS, DOMINION PRESIDENT OF THE CANADIAN LEGION.

The impressive ceremony on Vimy Ridge, when H.M. the King unveiled the Canadian National War Memorial before a gathering of 8000 pilgrims from Canada, will be found fully described and illustrated elsewhere in this number. Here we give two more intimate photographs of the King as he moved about among his loyal subjects. His Majesty went first to a group of blind men, and then to the widows and mothers who were standing nearby. Among them was Mrs. Catherine Woods, of Winnipeg, who sent twelve sons to the war. Only five came back.



THE KING GREETING A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE BEREAVED MOTHERS OF CANADA: HIS MAJESTY SHAKING HANDS WITH MRS. C. S. WOODS, WHO LOST SEVEN OF HER TWELVE SONS IN THE WAR.

"My Best Film"

—CHOSEN BY THE ACTORS

Already this year we've taken quite a number of movie-reels with our 16mm Ciné-'Kodak.' In fact, last night we thought we'd run them through all together and pick out the best scene by popular vote.

First on the screen was Baby. He was just marching along and beating a drum or something, but at once Mother announced "That's my choice," and Baby joined in with his rattle. For some time Baby led the field, until a yachting-race appeared. If there's one thing that looks better on the screen than a yacht, it is two yachts, racing against one another. The next star turn was domestic—the puppy catching sight of a cat. (By now some friends who had dropped in were beginning to think me a bit of a genius with the camera, but the family gave the game away. They explained that this movie-making was really easier than taking snaps—you just aim and press the button.)

After we had seen Molly very expertly feeding some penguins, we crossed over to the Continent; swimming on the Riviera, dancing in Spain, and finally a shot taken by my daughter

garden, among summer frocks and bright flowers, and the colour was simply grand. (Again the visitors began to murmur admiration, but the family insisted on telling them how easy it was with 'Kodachrome', which needs no



"PECULIAR PENGUINS"

gadgets or attachments at all, either for taking or showing the pictures.)

Then came the final scene. It was taken at Joan's wedding a week or two ago, and showed the procession leaving the church. What with the thrill of the occasion and the beauty of the colour, this shot couldn't help winning. I think we'll be showing it for a long time to come.

Just out—24-page illustrated book about making home movies in black-and-white, and full-colour movies with the new Kodachrome film. Mr. L.N. Lubbock, Dept. 65, Kodak House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2, will be pleased to send you a copy and also names and addresses of nearest Ciné-Kodak Dealers who can give you full service and show you Kodachrome colour-movies on the screen. All Ciné-Kodak apparatus is obtainable on hire-purchase terms. All Ciné-Kodak film is developed free, ready for showing.



"WHAT SHALL I DO NEXT?"

Joan without my knowledge—showing myself getting swept along helplessly in a French Carnival procession. The others seemed to find this funny.

The final reel was in colour—taken on the new film 'Kodachrome'. Some of the best shots were made in the

Ciné-Kodak

Home Movies for all

FINANCE AND INVESTMENT.

By HARTLEY WITHERS.

THE COURSE OF SECURITY PRICES.

IT will be remembered that, in the last half of last June, quite an uncomfortable feeling was produced in the stock markets by a slight hardening in the market rate of discount. This rate, of course, is the outward and visible sign of the condition of the market for very short credits, advanced against the highest possible security. From its movements, however, people are apt to draw conclusions, often

thus temporarily out of the discount market, the rate of discount naturally stiffened; and ingenious folk, on the look-out for sensational conclusions, drew the inference that this stiffening was due to pressure on the banks for advances on the part of industry and trade, and that the sun of cheap money was setting. It was suggested that the banks, owing to this pressure, would be obliged to realise part of their holdings of Government securities, that the Consols market would consequently be knocked into a cocked hat, dragging down the industrial share markets with it, and that all the people who had been

the French Government, raised here in the spring of this year. Similar testimony was given by Mr. Gibson Jarvie, who has done so much to improve and expand the use of credit in fields in which it has hitherto been difficult to obtain it. Speaking lately at the meeting of the United Dominions Trust, he said that, in common with other financial houses, his company was constantly advertising that credit facilities were available, but acceptable propositions were not sufficiently numerous to employ the supply. Many commercial houses which once borrowed from their bankers were, he added, now unable to find full use for their own liquid resources.

GOVERNMENT'S NEED FOR CHEAP MONEY.

It has also to be remembered that the Government is definitely pledged to the maintenance of this cheap money era, which it claims to have initiated, and to have been an important cause of the recovery which has happened, in industry and in security prices, since it took office. Cheap money and firm stock markets are necessary both for the financing of the rearmament programme and for securing the revenue anticipated by the Chancellor in his Budget programme. It included increased receipts (about a million in each case) from estate duties and from stamps, both of which depend for their yield on the maintenance of high prices in the stock markets and an active business in the City. Since the expenditure side of the Budget balance-sheet has already been seriously swollen by heavy supplementary estimates, it is most unlikely that the authorities will permit dear money to reduce the revenue receipts. As to their power to increase the supply of money, if it should be necessary to do so, the Bank of England's present holding of gold gives them very comfortable facilities. This holding has been increased by recent purchases to the neighbourhood of £240 millions, a sum which seriously understates the real value of the Bank's gold, because it is taken at 85s. per ounce, whereas the market value is not far from 140s. per ounce. There is also an unknown amount of gold in the Exchange Equalisation Fund; and it was calculated in a recent article in the *Investor's Chronicle* that if the total gold reserves available were valued at the current market price, an expansion of £200 millions in the deposits of the commercial banks, which are the measure of purchasing and lending power, would be possible. Such a revaluation will probably wait until the time comes for a general international agreement with regard to exchange parities. In the meantime, the Government, by discouraging the export of British capital, is doing its utmost to keep money cheap and to maintain the present level of security prices.



A NEW BRITISH SUBMARINE LAUNCHED AT BARROW-IN-FURNESS: H.M.S. "RORQUAL" BEING TOWED TO HER BERTH AFTER THE LAUNCH, WHICH WAS PERFORMED BY LADY BADDELEY.

The British submarine "Rorqual" was launched on July 21 at Messrs. Vickers Armstrong's Barrow-in-Furness yards. The "Rorqual" is one of three submarines authorised in the 1934 programme. She is the fourth of the "Porpoise" type and will be of 1520 tons, with a 4-inch gun and torpedo tubes.

hasty and ill-founded, concerning the probable course of the rate for long-dated credit, on which the prices of gilt-edged securities ultimately depend. Consequently, when it was found that the market rate of discount had risen from $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. to $\frac{7}{8}$ per cent., some people jumped to the conclusion that the era of cheap money was approaching, or had already reached, its end, and that investors, instead of submitting to about 3 per cent. on gilt-edged stocks, were going to be able to earn $3\frac{1}{2}$ or even 4 per cent. on them. This, of course, would have meant a general decline in their prices; which would have been, at first sight, a small matter to that growing body of investors which has followed the prevalent fashion and eschewed, more or less, the fixed interest securities which were considered the only respectable holding by our forefathers, and turned their attention to the ordinary stocks and shares, which offer possibilities of growing income and capital values. In fact, however, a relapse in fixed interest securities would very probably have been followed or accompanied by a weakening of the prices of "equity" shares. Because, if anything like 4 per cent. in the gilt-edged market had really come into the picture, ordinary shares that yielded less than that rate to the buyer would have begun to look decidedly dear, in view of all the risks of trade and business to which they are inevitably subject. Dearer money would thus have meant, in all probability, a general relapse in all the stock markets, except, perhaps, those that are most purely speculative in their appeal to operators.

PRESSURE ON THE BANKS FROM TRADE?

As a matter of fact, as everyone knows who follows the mysteries of the money market with any attention, that stiffening of discount rates in June was a merely temporary matter, and was partly due to the action of Continental capitalists, alarmed about the probable future of their own domestic moneys. These fears impelled them to come over here with packets of their currencies, change them into Bank of England notes, and put the notes away in "safe deposit." This movement caused an appreciable scarcity of British legal tender currency, which at most seasons would have produced no inconvenience or comment. But, happening as it did at a time when the banks were making preparations for their half-yearly balance-sheets, it obliged them to reinforce their holding of cash by allowing part of their holding of bills of exchange to run off at maturity instead of renewing them as usual. With these important buyers of bills

buying industrial equities at the recent level of prices would wish, when it was too late, that they had been more cautious.

TRADE FINANCING ITSELF.

Fears of a relapse in industrial shares, owing to a rise in the price of money due to trade demands, seem to have very little foundation. Of course, if their prices are forced up to a point at which they offer too little to buyers in the way of immediate return, a set-back will be not only probable but desirable; for we do not want to see the London market going mad, after the manner of the Wall Street operators in 1928, when they began to value shares not on the basis of current dividends or even of current earning power, but on the basis of what they might be expected to earn in the distant future, on the assumption that industrial activity and profits were going to expand continually at a rapidly increasing rate. When the imagination of speculators gets loose and soars into the clouds of the future, it simply asks for trouble. At present, however, except perhaps in certain sections of the markets, there is no indication of a too exuberant fancy. There is certainly a tendency to discount an improvement in profits, but the improvement in profits is visibly proved by all the tests that can be applied to the progress of business. Pressure of trade on the supply of money, however, is so far from being felt that those whose business it is to meet the needs of trade with credit complain that they have not a sufficient number of acceptable propositions to finance. A recent article in the *Economist*, analysing the figures for the past half-year of the principal banks, came to the conclusion that the banks are having some difficulty in finding a large enough number of credit-worthy borrowers in need of accommodation. It is true that there had been a substantial increase, during the period, in their loans and advances; but a considerable part of this increase was attributed to the share that they had taken in the £40 millions credit, still outstanding, for



THE TREASURE OF THE WEEK AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: A NORTH ITALIAN LATE FIFTEENTH-CENTURY BRONZE STATUETTE OF A BOY WITH A SKULL.

This beautiful bronze was presented to the Victoria and Albert Museum by the National Art-Collections Fund in memory of the late Mr. Henry Oppenheimer, the sale of whose collection at Christie's has been one of the artistic events of 1936. Mr. Oppenheimer served for twenty-three years on the Executive Committee of the Fund and ultimately became its Treasurer. The subject of the bronze, a child with a skull and an hour-glass, was not uncommon in the fifteenth century as a reminder of mortality. The figure belongs to the earlier and rarer group of bronzes which were cast solid and are seldom found in more than one version.

This England . . .



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IT TAKES, they say, three hundred years to make an English lawn (and nowhere else will you find such turf). Men and methods, too, mature slowly on this strong land—but they do it exceeding well. It is for this reason that a beer such as Worthington—slowly and carefully brewed in an age-long tradition—will always hold pride of place. And it is because this instinct for maturity is in the roots of your being, Englishman, you call Worthington “good beer.”

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

SOME weeks ago I referred to the question of the used car and discussed whether or not it is good policy to make one's initial plunge into car ownership with a brand-new or a second-hand vehicle. Apparently the subject continues to be of more than passing interest, if I am to judge by the amount of correspondence I receive bearing upon it. There are most distinctly two sides to the matter. Some think that only a new car can please the new motorist, for nobody likes to start a hobby or a pastime with second-hand equipment. Others point out that a good used car has an engine nicely run-in and everything well bedded down, and so relieves the motorist of a certain amount of responsibility in so far as maintenance, attention, and running-in are concerned. As a rule, however, the matter generally boils down to a question of price. If you can afford a new car of the type you fancy, well and good. Buy it, and the dealer will relieve you of all responsibility of maintenance. Visit the service station every thousand miles or so, and an expert staff will attend to all the necessary adjustments, lubrication, battery maintenance, and the rest. But supposing you cannot afford a new model of the type on which your heart is set? Why not, then, a used model of this or even of last year? They are easy to find nowadays, and if you go to a reputable dealer you are certain of getting a good one. One question I am often asked is: If the "used" car is so good, why did the previous owner dispose of it? A quite pertinent question, one answer to which is that the buyer of

a new, high-grade car is usually a keen motorist who likes to keep his car as nearly up to date as he can. When a new model is announced, he wants it, regardless of the condition of his present car. It is not that he is dissatisfied with it. Far from it—the fact that he is buying a new car of the same make argues that he is thoroughly satisfied with it. It is simply that he *must* have the new model; he can afford to indulge his fancy and so another good used car comes on the market. Then there are some who make

very great extent superseded the familiar autovac system of a few years ago. One cannot help the reflection that, if so many cases of failure occur among one's own circle of acquaintance, trouble is much more widespread than one had imagined. Not that the autovac was an unmixed blessing. I have had a full share of trouble with it at one time and another, and recall that the main sources of that trouble were such as no provision or care in maintenance could rule out. In the case of the electric

pump, my own experience—limited, I admit—seems to indicate that, like most other electric appliances on the car, trouble can be avoided by ordinary care and attention to upkeep. My present car has a mechanical pump driven off the camshaft. So had two previously owned cars, and in a considerable mileage I have never had the slightest trouble with petrol feed. Indeed, I have rather formed the habit of forgetting that there is any mechanical means for conveying the fuel from tank to carburetter, and I am inclined to think that the trouble one hears about is not inherent in the system, but has its origin in its very dependability. The

most reliable accessory to the car cannot be expected to go on for ever without attention, but that is what far too many motorists seem to forget. I don't know how many pulsations the pump makes over a run of a hundred miles, but they must amount to a terrific number. Yet the unfortunate machine is expected to run from one year's end to another without the slightest attention, and then gets cursed if it breaks down in the end.



AN EXHIBITION OF VERTICAL FLIGHT ON HOUNSLOW HEATH: THE NEW WEIR AUTOGYRO LEAPING VERTICALLY FROM THE GROUND BEFORE MOVING FORWARDS.

Mr. R. A. C. Brie gave an exhibition in the new Weir Autogyro, designed by Señor Juan de la Cierva, on Hounslow Heath on July 23. The machine leapt fully 20 feet into the air before making any forward movement. It has a two-bladed direct-action rotor and a loaded weight of 1850 lb. At present it is a single-seater, but in production it is to have seats for two people. A smaller autogyro, of similar design in most respects, was exhibited on the same occasion.

it a rule to exchange their cars every year, irrespective of the mileage they may have covered. An excellent idea, too, if you can afford it. And the system has the advantage, from the point of view of the less favoured motorist, that it brings high-grade cars within the reach of those of moderate resources.

I have heard recently of quite a dozen cases of failure of electric petrol-pumps, which have to a

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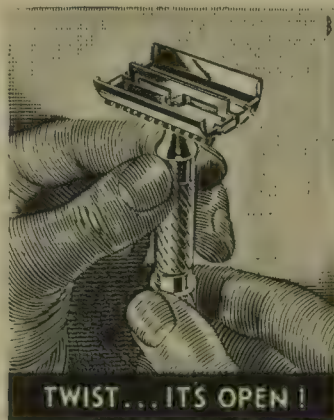
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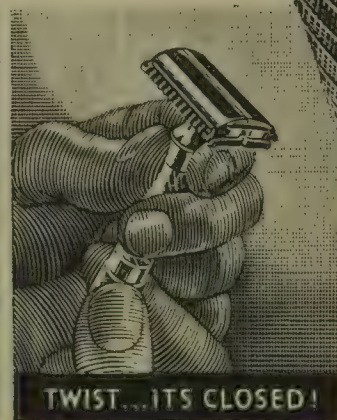


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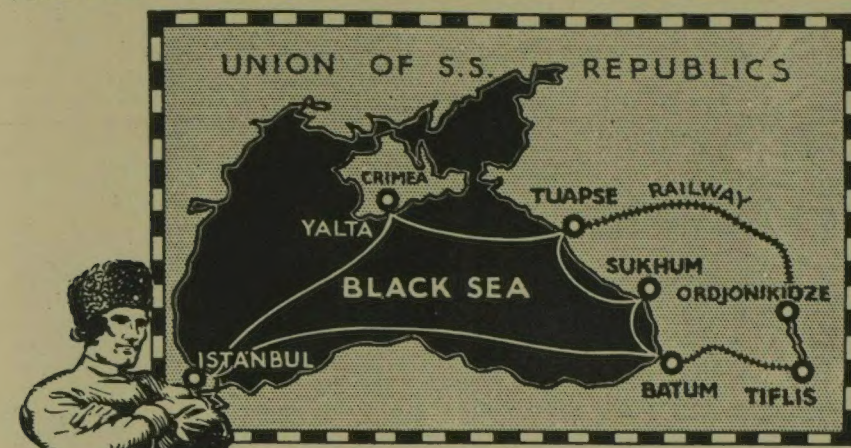


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NOTES FROM A TRAVELLER'S LOG-BOOK.

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

THE RIVIERA IN SUMMER-TIME.

IT is the extraordinarily mild nature of its winter climate, due to its sheltered situation and its clear skies, enabling it to receive a full measure of sunshine; that has won for



CANNES IN SUMMER-TIME: THE PLAGE; SHOWING THE FAMOUS BOULEVARD DE LA CROISSETTE AND ITS BEAUTIFUL GARDENS.—[Photograph by J. Lucarelli.]

the Riviera its reputation with holiday-makers; but it has a summer as well as a winter season, and its attractions in the summer-time vie with those of any other summer resorts—splendid bathing beaches, equipped with the very latest novelties and making for an immense amount of variety in aquatic sport; pleasant waters for yachting, and safe harbours in which yachts can anchor; the best of tennis courts; good golf-courses; the most up-to-date casinos; and some of the finest of the world's hotels, where accommodation can be secured at a remarkably reasonable rate.

None of the resorts on the Riviera makes a greater appeal to summer visitors than Monte Carlo, which has, as it were, a special summer quarter, in a charming corner of the Baie de la Veuille, where, on what is known as Monte Carlo Beach, one of the most up-to-date of bathing places has been designed. Apart from the bathing from a delight-

ful beach, there is a magnificent swimming-pool, coloured in turquoise blue and provided with a variety of high dives and a spring-board, and numbers of bathing cabins, some of which are *de luxe*, whilst all are fitted with running water. Facing the pool is a large restaurant and American bar, and from here, on a gaily-shaded, lengthy terrace, refreshment is dispensed to bathers and to lookers-on.

Near by is the Summer Sporting Club, pleasingly built in the Provençal style, with a roof of coloured tiles and walls tinted in pink, and which consists of a Casino, with rooms for roulette and baccarat, a dance-restaurant, theatre, and a roof-garden bar; whilst, anchored not far from the adjacent shore, there is a floating island on which cabarets are staged, a most fascinating form of entertainment on a glamorous summer night! And then the world-famous Casino is open; so, also, the Café de Paris, where there are symphony concerts in the afternoon and evening; and there is tennis at La Festa and the Country Club, and golf.

Nice also has a good summer season, when there is a throng of bathers all along the shore fronting the beautiful Promenade des Anglais, and where one can

spend the whole day in one's bathing-suit, for there are charming little cafés close by to provide creature comforts; and as for amusements, there are theatres and cinemas, and the Casino de la Jetée, with music, dancing, and the tables, whilst excursions to such charming spots high up in the near-by Alpes Maritimes as Peira Cava, St. Martin-Vésubie, and Beuil afford variety to a summer holiday spent there. Mentone makes provision for its summer visitors with bathing facilities all along the Promenade du Midi, and in the Bay of Garavan a very popular resort is La Pergola,

at Mentone-Garavan. It has a summer casino, with boule-baccarat and a dance-restaurant, and during the summer fêtes are organised on the beach and in the public gardens.

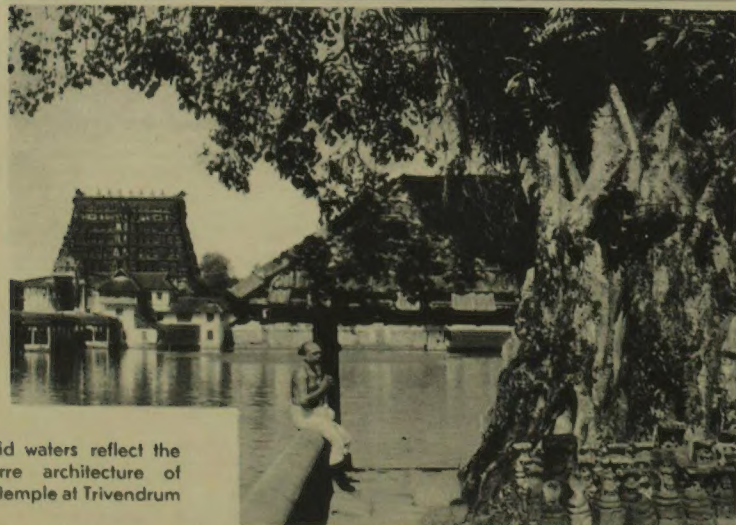
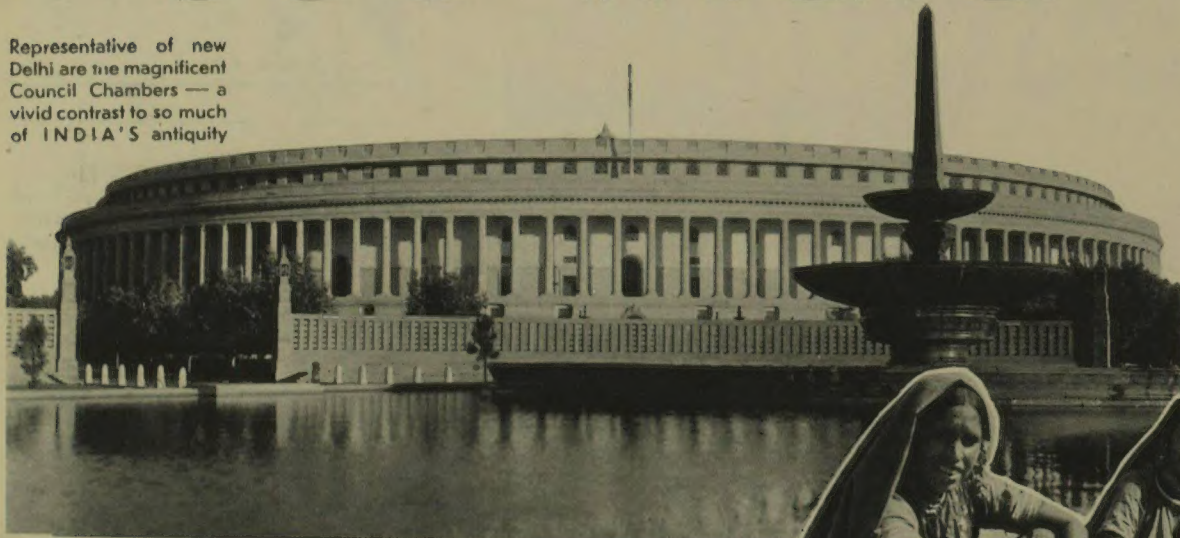
Cannes, too, is popular in summer-time, with a delightful bathing-beach, open-air restaurants, and cinemas. On a point of the well-known Croisette, among its beautiful palms, and with the lovely Lérins Isles close by, Palm Beach Casino is a great attraction—with its theatre, concert-hall, restaurant, gaming-room, open-air swimming-bath, and tastefully designed terraces, where meals are served, and where there is dancing. The pines and the sands and the bluish-green water of Juan-les-Pins are proverbial with bathing devotees, but bathing and sun-bathing by no means constitute its only joys, for it has golf, tennis, yachting, sea-motoring, and a Casino; and the British Club is a distinct asset, whilst it is but a short run by car over to the rocks and the bathing-pool of Cap d'Antibes, one of the most fashionable summer-time spots in Europe. St. Raphael, also, has many summer delights, and Hyères has its Plage d'Hyères, on the coast some three miles from the town, where a fine beach, stretching beneath spreading pines, on a hot summer's day extends a very pressing invitation to take a sea-bath. A feature of a holiday spent here is a trip to the beautiful islands of Hyères, with their pine-forests and sweet-scented shrubs, and one of which, Ile du Levant, is devoted to the cult of life in the open air.



SHOWING THE FINE SWIMMING-POOL: A DISTANT VIEW OF MONTE CARLO BEACH. Photograph by Wolfgang Vennemann.

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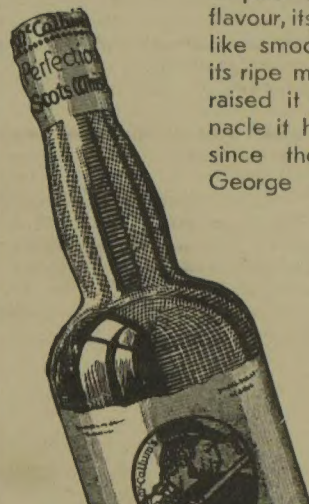


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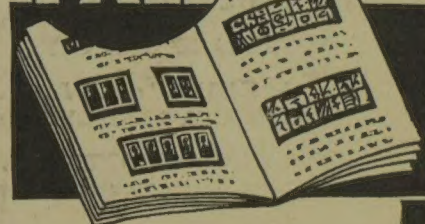
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